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SPEAGHT.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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LIVING PESTS.

IN East Lothian the farmers have agreed to take very decided measures to reduce the number of sparrows. They have formed a club for the purpose. The subscription is to be based on the size of the candidate's farm. It will be at the rate of one halfpenny an acre, with a minimum of half-a-crown. Members are to pay for sparrows at the following rates: Full-feathered birds twopence a dozen, fledglings three-halfpence a dozen, eggs a penny per dozen. As a general principle we are opposed to the persecution of any species of bird; but the case against "the avian rat," as Mr. Tegetmeier calls the sparrow, is too strong. In town it is a chirpy and cheerful little person with little against it and much in its favour; but in the field and garden it plays havoc. Directly and indirectly it has reaped many undeserved advantages from the various Wild Birds' Protection Acts, and still more from the reduction in numbers of its natural enemies the birds of prey. At the meeting for the formation of the club, allusion was made by the chairman to districts in which farmers

had practically to cease growing corn owing to the ravages of the sparrow.

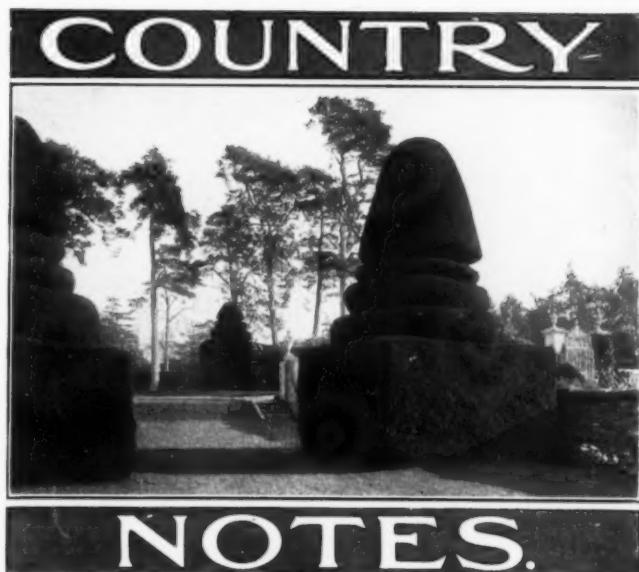
The East Lothian farmers in the past have frequently shown an equal resolution not to let themselves be robbed of the rewards of their skill and toil by Nature's wild marauders. About twenty or twenty-five years ago, when rooks and wood-pigeons multiplied so much as to be a threat to the grain harvest, they took very similar measures and declared war against these birds. Public opinion was not so strongly with them on that occasion. The rook is an integral part of our country life and his voice is intimately associated with its most peaceful landscapes. A rookery is a very proper adjunct to the mansion or vicarage "bosom'd high in tufted trees." And the rook is not altogether useless, but delights in eating the larvae that prey on our crops. Who would not be sorry to see him in his sober black dress become as rare as his cousins, the chough and the raven? But when allowed to increase till his kind become as the sands of the sea for multitude he is apt to develop new and most undesirable tastes. He turns into a robber of the rickyard and the harvest-field, and destroys turnips by taking pieces out of them and letting in the frost; he steals the eggs of hens in the farmyard and of game-birds in the field. He even becomes carnivorous, and gobbles up pouls of various sorts as ravenously as a hawk. It is for this that he merits and generally receives chastisement. There are two sides to the case against the wood-pigeon also. No bird of the woodland has a sweeter or more welcome note, and, moreover, he has of recent years been subject to a devastating attack, diphtheritic in nature. Yet the wood-pigeon is the greediest of all the birds, and unfortunately his preference is for the cereals which man at infinite trouble grows for his own consumption. When he multiplies beyond a certain point, therefore, drastic measures become necessary. His, however, is not a very serious problem, for the simple reason that he is very good-eating, and at the edges of the wood to which he comes to roost, or with decoys, is not difficult to shoot. These examples enable us to form a broad distinction between two different kinds of pests. One, like the rook, is not in itself an evil, but tends to become so when allowed to multiply inordinately. The other is of no discoverable use. Of course, the latter statement is one that could only be made in view of the scientific study of recent times. Before much was known about bacteriology, the opinion was general that everything in Nature had its appointed place and that it was impious to destroy it. But the farmer cannot accept such a doctrine. At any rate, it would be difficult for him to explain the uses that are served by thistles and other weeds on the ground. Every year he does his best to exterminate them, and if he succeeded it is difficult to understand what would be the loss to the country.

Medical men have arrived at the conclusion that the ordinary house-fly could be exterminated without doing any harm to anything. It carries diseases and is in many ways an annoyance. There is a society whose chief object is to exterminate the rat, and they have a very strong case in their favour. The rat is not only a pilferer, but with his burrowing and gnawing habits he is both destructive and dangerous, and it has been absolutely demonstrated that he has on more than one occasion disseminated the germs of contagious diseases. Nor need there be much solicitude even on behalf of those very humane persons who object to the extended slaughter of any living creature. The rat, like the thistle and its companion weeds, is very well able to take care of itself. As long as there is a piece of neglected ground in England, an old house inhabited by those who do not care to kill their vermin, a few ditches and drains for concealment, the rat will be able to live and propagate his kind. A reduction in his number will be welcome on every account. Our columns are continually bearing witness to the difference of opinion held in regard to many wild creatures, the goldfinch and the bullfinch being the latest to be put in the dock. They, however, and especially the former, are such charming tenants of garden and hedgerow that we would give them the full benefit of the doubt. Those who garden for pleasure, at any rate, will not be disposed to take harsh measures, however excusable these may be on the part of men who depend on the soil for a livelihood.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Marchioness of Donegall. The Marchioness of Donegall is a daughter of the late Mr. Henry St. George Twining, and her marriage to the late Marquess took place in 1902.

** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



NOTES.

OUR number this week is dated for December 25th, although the exigencies of distribution compel us to prepare it a few days earlier. As we write the omens are all in favour of an old-fashioned Yule, for a cold north wind is blowing over field and meadow and moaning about house and plantation, a thin coating of ice is on the pond and there is news of a heavy snowfall in the North. So many open winters have followed one another in succession that the chances are now in favour of a hard one. We hope and know that more than the weather will be old-fashioned; that in historic hall and lowly cottage the hospitalities of the season will be enjoyed with right goodwill, and it is in these circumstances that we too would like to be a little old-fashioned and, in the style of our ancestors, address a few words to "the gentle reader," telling him that it is not ours to know his name or station, though there is yet a strong though invisible link between him and us. In a sense, we have had much conversation together, and we have met in so many numbers as to establish the bonds of a friendship that is almost personal. Once more, then, we tender to our readers the greeting of the season, hoping that each in the way he or she likes best will enjoy the Merriest Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Arrangements for holding the General Election have now received official sanction, and if the programme be carried out events will follow in this order. The Dissolution has been fixed for January 8th, and writs for the new elections are to be issued on the same day. It is customary for the dates of polling to be fixed by the Returning Officer after consulting with the various candidates. The final decision rests with him should they not be in agreement. In London and its neighbourhood writs will be received on the evening of January 8th; in the rest of the country on January 10th. The earliest possible date on which a candidate may be elected is January 12th; but this can only occur in the case of a constituency so near the Crown Office that the writ is received on the day of issue and the candidate unopposed. Already a number of polling dates have been provisionally fixed, the earliest on the list being January 12th, after which there will be polling in one place or another every day until the 28th of the month. Thus, those who are engaged in politics will have an extremely short Christmas holiday; indeed, electioneering in one form or another is likely to go on now continually for six weeks.

When so many ardent politicians are taxing their ingenuity to coin telling phrases either for or against the House of Lords, it is as refreshing to come upon Lady Stanley's story of John Bright as it is for the desert traveller to find an oasis. The story is so witty that the member of any party might laugh at it with an easy conscience. John Bright, following a custom of his, had called on his way to the House of Commons. He did not usually take tea, preferring to put some sugar in his pocket—a curious personal detail that has nothing to do with the story. One day, however, Lady Stanley handed him a cup of hot tea and accompanied it with the question, "Now, Mr. Bright, what do we want with a House of Lords?" Without replying, he carefully poured the tea into the saucer to cool it; so she repeated the question, when he smiled, and, tapping his finger on the saucer, said, "This is the House of Lords." Now, Conservatives may very well argue that hot-headed Liberal legislation requires cooling, while Liberals may, with equal justice, retort that the cup is the thing and there

is no need for a saucer. So that this anecdote may be fairly described as a story without a moral.

A fine display of courage on the part of the legal profession has been called forth by the failure of the Law Guarantee Association. The losses are likely to amount to a couple of millions, and they fall almost entirely upon those who are engaged in the practice of the law. From the judge to the solicitor's clerk, representatives of every branch of the calling may be found among the shareholders. Among the most important of them are the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Grantham, Sir Edward Clarke and Sir John Gray Hill. It was only to be expected that under such leadership the crisis would be met with dignity. Newspapers have described the shareholders' meeting as stormy, but there were only a few dissentients at it, and those were the smaller shareholders. Sir Edward Clarke, moving a resolution for winding up, made a perfect speech, in the course of which he called upon his fellow-shareholders to bear their loss with a courage worthy of the great profession to which they belonged. In view of the many hard things occasionally said about lawyers, it is satisfactory to know that it is the desire of those connected with the unfortunate society to see its creditors paid in full. Honour in a huge body of men is even more admirable than in an individual.

In the Report of the Copyright Committee of which Lord Gorell was chairman, the most interesting portion is that which relates to architecture. One feels a great deal of sympathy with the recommendation that architects should be rendered as secure of the works of their brains as any other artist. But there would be great practical difficulty in safeguarding their inventions for them. As the law at present stands the plans and designs are copyright; but it is open to anyone to look at a building and construct another one resembling it in every respect. Perhaps the most annoying thing is that this copying is frequently performed with cheap materials, so that the imitation is a parody rather than a copy of the original. Again, the majority of architects take a real delight in fine buildings, and would rather have their ideas stolen and their houses repeated than witness the erection of dwellings that become an eyesore to them. But it is extremely doubtful if there are many people capable of looking at the work of a great architect and producing a fac-simile of it. It cannot be said of architecture as Tennyson said of poetry, "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed."

THE HOLLY BRAKE.

Passing through the holly brake
When the year is green
Nest of moss and egg of blue
Lie the leaves between;
Here is song and story gay,
Love and light from day to day,
Rest beside the way!
Passing through the holly brake
When grows grey the year,
Tears have dropped amid the dew,
Perished hopes are here!
Light is dying, ways are chilled;
Fallen leaves the nests have filled;
Every song is stilled.
Passing through the holly brake
When the year grows white,
Crimson berries shine anew
Unto Christmas night!
Starlight glistens, carols wake;
All who mourn sweet comfort take!
Bless'd be ye, for Christ His sake,
'Neath the holly brake!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

Anything in the shape of good luck to Ireland is always heartily welcomed by the Sister Isle, and according to a return issued by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, the produce of the grain crops has been highly satisfactory; indeed, that term scarcely does justice to the exceptional character of the report. The yields for wheat, oats, barley and rye are the highest on record, and the quality is above the average. In parts of Ulster and Connaught serious damage was done by the rain and wind, but in the earlier districts of the North and West the crops were finely saved. Things appear to have been better in Ireland than in this country, where the farmers are feeling at present very much discouraged by the fact that, whereas wheat is higher in price than it has been for the last quarter of a century, the character of the weather has been such as to hinder sowing on anything like the area that was contemplated early in the year. Some agriculturists are hoping against hope to get their winter wheat in even now; but it is most likely that we shall witness the curious paradox of an improved prospect and a contracted output.

A sidelight is thrown on American prosperity by the very extraordinary increase which has taken place this year in the number and value of the money orders issued by the Post Office to be sent to this side of the Atlantic at Christmas. The increase in round numbers is from a million to a million and a-half pounds sterling. The United Kingdom comes in for the largest share of these remittances. Italy, Austria and Germany follow in the order named. There is a corresponding increase in the number of parcels sent to Europe. It amounts to sixty-four per cent. The agents who make it a business to remit small drafts also report that they have had a greater number to deal with this year, the increase being as much as eighty per cent. in one case. *The Times* correspondent, who forwards these figures from New York, says it is the "conservative estimate" that the total amount sent abroad for Christmas amounts to ten million pounds. No greater proof can be given of the revival of commercial prosperity in the United States.

The Board of Agriculture has been making an enquiry as to the welfare of the lapwing, as representations have frequently been made to it that this useful ally of the farmer was decreasing in numbers. The evidence tends to show that while the bird is still common, it is not so common as it once was. Out of one hundred and seventy-seven observers, seventy-five, or 42½ per cent., observed a decrease. The causes—or rather cause—appear to be plain enough. Very seldom nowadays is the lapwing trapped or shot, and these methods may be dismissed as having no effect on its numbers. It suffers only from collection of its eggs, which are more and more looked upon as a luxury in the spring of the year. Some of the correspondents of the Board of Agriculture urge that the eggs should be protected under the Wild Birds' Protection Act. We do not know that this is absolutely necessary. Very little harm is done if only the first clutch of eggs be taken, as the later broods have much more chance generally of being healthy and vigorous. It is the prolongation of the egg-collecting season that should be stopped, and if it were made illegal to sell eggs after a date that could be fixed by consultation with the naturalists, the shrinkage in numbers of this beautiful and welcome inhabitant of our fields and moors would probably be checked.

During that part of the winter that we have already passed we have experienced two very fairly marked and distinct spells of unusually severe weather. It has been most noticeable, by those who take any notice at all of these phenomena, that just previous to both of these spells there was a very large migration of birds, chiefly of the thrush family, such as fieldfares, though there were others taking part in it as well, across the middle of England from East to West. They were on their way, doubtless, to the milder Western districts; and since this Eastward migration occurred before the second, as well as before the first, bad spell, the inference is that between the two a large number of the birds found their way back again to the East. Often when we see the birds acting in this manner, and showing that general and very marked restlessness which is their habit just before a big storm, we say that they are aware of "coming atmospheric changes." Surely this is a phrase that is a little calculated to darken counsel. Would it not be much more proper to say that they are aware of an atmospheric change (already present and apparent to their finer sense) which is the prelude to some more violent manifestation of which we, too, shall be aware soon?

The general water-level in the country is said to be a good deal higher now than it has been known to be for many a year at this season. Little wonder at it. This has been observed of the greater part of England, but is, fortunately, more particularly true of just those districts which are, as a rule, most deficient in their water supply, and where water has been a very scarce commodity in some rather recent summers. These are the counties of the East and South-East right along the South Coast as far as the Hampshire border. London, we all know, and some towns in the Midlands have not been well supplied during the summer. On the whole, the height of the springs and wells in all this region gives promise of better things now. The recent rains have been accompanied with heavy winds, which shake the depths of the earth by the agency of the big trees straining at their roots, and so help the percolation of the water and the filling of the reservoirs by the springs. In great contrast to the really more than sufficient rainfall in the East has been the drought all over the West Country, where a drought seldom happens. Last summer these districts were quite dried up and their springs even now are said to be at a very low level.

York antiquaries have been reminded by a paper read to the local archaeological society that the trade of clockmaker was found among their fellow-citizens as early as 1471. That is not to say that no men made clocks in York before that year, for a cunning locksmith wrought one for the great minster a century

earlier. York, however, was late in buying its clock, for in the early thirteen hundreds the Southern cathedrals and monasteries were already marking time with those wondrous engines which, as at Exeter and Wells, showed the hour, the age of the moon and the procession of the heavenly bodies round the earth, which was the centre of our old complacent cosmogony. York has still its Jack Strike-the-Clocks, oaken men in harness, carved in Henry VIII's day at a cost of thirteen shillings and fourpence. But Wells makes a brave show with the four horsemen who, as the hour sounds, rush round the little platform over the dial-plate. Moreover, Wells has a Jack with a "to-name," Jack Blandiver, whose office is to strike the quarters by kicking his heels. All such wonders probably followed some Oriental model, perhaps a crusader's booty. Before they came, even the monastic houses must have been content with some device to measure time rather than mark it on every day when the sun failed to strike the dials. We, who live under the orders of clocks and watches unnumbered, may find something to regret in those days of long hours unmarked.

THE SIDHE.

We have no conscience and no care
And us no sweets can cloy;
For we are of the ancient air
And brothers born of joy.

We watch the earth-begotten men
That still must toil and moil
Vainly, until they turn again
Into their mother soil.

Light hearts are ours, light thoughts, light wings
And yet our songs can say
The secret of the elder things
That men have lost for aye.

We have no conscience and no care
No trouble and no tears;
And yet we envy men that fare
Sad through the saddened years.

ROBIN FLOWER.

"Things modern are as good as things old, provided they be excellent, for it is mere vanity in those who run after names rather than deeds." On the foundation of this extract from Vasari, the biographer of Michael Angelo, Mr. Thomas G. Jackson, R.A., has founded an appropriate little sermon on the weaknesses of the modern dealer and collector. Speaking of the now notorious bust, he says with perfect truth that it is a matter of no real consequence whether it was by Leonardo or by Lucas, although it is very evident by the proceeds realised respectively by the works of the one and the other that if it were by Lucas it would have only a slight money value as compared with what the value would be could it be truly attributed to Leonardo. But the intrinsic value of a work of art does not in any degree depend on the name attached to it. The greatest master may produce a very mediocre work, and an indifferent painter has occasionally had an inspiration that led to the birth of a masterpiece. But those who estimate art from the mercantile standpoint can never assimilate this properly. The authenticity of a picture or piece of statuary is almost the only thing they care anything about, and willingly they pay enormous sums for inferior work when it is proved to have come from a great man.

Mr. Jackson has no difficulty in showing how inimical this is to the advance of art. In point of fact it is only one man in ten thousand who is capable, on seeing a fine piece of work for the first time, of saying decisively and finally that it is the offspring of genius. In literature this applies even more forcibly than in painting. There the public is continually running after names, because the individuals who compose it are not able themselves to single out the best in the multitude of things put before them. But the man who makes a mistake in literature can easily retrace it, because books are many and cheap. He who purchases a picture is in a different position. He may have given thousands of pounds for it, and should his eyes be opened to discover that he has bidden only for a name, the difficulty of exchange is very great. The main point made by Mr. Jackson, however, is that all this tells very hardly against the living contemporary artist, whose works, at any rate during his lifetime, are sold for a trifle, even when they are manifestly superior to some of the canvases of the much-prized masters of the past. We have more than once stated this problem in these pages, but it is easier to put the facts down in print than to find a solution for the difficulty. It must evidently lie in the awakening and education of the artistic sense.

Two prosecutions last week, terminating in the conviction and heavy fine of the offenders, of fishmongers offering salmon for sale in the close season, in contravention of the Salmon Fisheries Act, suggest the question as to who are the

buyers of the salmon thus unlawfully exposed. It would seem that the supply must argue a certain demand, and it is likely that the purchasers would plead ignorance of the law on the subject. It might be well if the law required all fishmongers to put up in their shops a notice, which might conceivably be issued free by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, stating the close season, of which none would then be able to assume ignorance. The Fishmongers' Company, which instituted these salutary prosecutions, might, perhaps, take the matter in hand.

A recent discussion on the Children Bill in the Legislative Council of the Isle of Man brought to view a curious and obsolete ecclesiastical ordinance to the effect that children convicted of pulling horses' tails should be set on a wooden horse and

whipped—presumably not for the whole period of their enforced ride. A proposal was introduced for the deleting of this enactment, but was rejected, so that the clause still stands as a possible terror to juvenile evildoers. Perhaps the Council did not feel justified in removing what may be regarded as an interesting survival of legislation passed at a date when humanity to the lower animals did not often find a conspicuous place in our statutes. We might think that this was a piece of malicious persecution from which the animals were perfectly well able to protect themselves and to give their tormentors at least as good as the latter gave. It would be interesting to know when the punishment was last inflicted. A humorist on the Council is reported to have asked whether the tail-pulling propensity of Manx children, to which this old law seems to point, was the cause of the taillessness of the cats in that island to-day.

PALESTINE SHEPHERDS.

THE Fellahin, or native labourers, to which class the Palestine shepherd belongs, are not Bedouins, wandering sons of the desert; but they are almost as ancient in origin and as wild in their life. Pride, isolation, narrowness of mind, close inter-marriage have all tended to preserve their ancient character intact. This stubborn agricultural race, sons of the fields, we may call them, have never been absorbed or dispossessed by any conquering people. Colonel Conder allows them the title of "Modern Canaanites," explaining this term by "descendants of the Semitic race which the Egyptians found in Palestine before the time of the Hebrew conquest." But even among the Fellahin, the shepherds are a race set apart. They live entirely with their flocks; night and day their sheep and goats are their sole friends and companions. They tend them by day and guard them by night. Their business is not only an honourable calling, but it is one of perpetual difficulty and danger. Shepherds in the East are men of war; also they are men of some initiative and practical intelligence.

Let us consider some of the manners and customs of these wild, strong men, whose ruddy faces, brown-red cloaks and sturdy figures stand out so often in massive silhouette against a soft landscape. Even in the mountain city of Jerusalem and round the Mosque of Omar they seem somewhat out of place. The hillside is their home and their temple. Firstly, we are often told that they lead their sheep—this is the custom, and, indeed, it is a necessity where there are no roads; but in the mixed double flock of sheep and goats which I saw defiling past the huge rock-hewn Pool of Solomon, close below

PALESTINE SHEPHERDS.

Bethlehem, the shepherd was leading his flock, while the shepherd lad was some distance ahead, walking behind rather than driving the flock in front of him. Here there was no need of directing the flocks to any pasture, for they were passing along a soft by-road ribbed with grass; but even such roads are uncommon, and it is as a rule the shepherd's duty to guide his sheep and find out pasture for them. On the stony hillsides of Judaea this is no easy matter. Tufts of rough, stringy grass struggle through the bare limestone; but fodder is scanty enough. In Galilee, as, for instance, on the meadows which slope down to the Lake of Tiberias, pasture is more frequent and the shepherd's work easier and less dangerous. We are in the very heart of the country: flowers spring on every side;

the desert seems a world away. It is different in the North. In the Lebanons, where huge flocks congregate, there is grass enough—some meadows at Baalbek reminded me of England in the abundance and even in the quality of the pasture; but there is an ever-present danger from wild beasts, leopards, panthers and wolves. Yet, after all, the shepherd's worst enemy is the Bedouin robber, for his raids are perpetual and many a good shepherd is called upon to lay down his life for his sheep. Their costume and weapons tell the same story; they all carry guns or massive clubs, the latter of oak, formidable weapons which grow into a lump of knotted wood at the extremity. The guns are old-fashioned flint-lock muskets or some other obsolete type of firearm. It is pleasant to hear, though I did not observe it, that they also employ slings. Their shoes are of the roughest description, almost circular in appearance; their cloaks resemble the single Bedouin garment,



M. J. Rendall. SHEPHERDS OUTSIDE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM. Copyright



M. J. Kendall.

THE APPROACH TO TIBERIAS.

Copyright.

belted in at the waist; they are, however, of stouter stuff, for frost and snow often visit the highlands of Judaea. Milton's "winter wild" of the Nativity Ode is no poetic fancy. At Baalbek I experienced a snowstorm myself on Good Friday morning. Over all they throw a thick cloak, generally a closely-woven sheet of cloth which hangs in picturesque folds from their shoulders, made, as a rule, in broad bands of deep brown and amber—sometimes the bands are of Venetian red, for the natives love strong colour. This is the habitual costume; more rarely they take an undressed fleece from a sheep of their own flock and appear more than ever members of their own congregation. It is usual to wear the fleece inside, like the fur of a Russian coat. In the matter of headgear they

resemble the Bedouin of the desert; the boys wear a close-fitting calico cap, with some ornamental stitching; the men always wrap their head up in a kerchief, which they tie in with two black rings of rope and wool. The whole forms a delightful coronet.

Every shepherd's costume has a reminiscence of King David about it. Such is the wild figure of the Eastern shepherd; but he must have tenderness as well as bravery in his heart; every trait of the Good Shepherd must be his. Look at the hindmost figure passing along the grassy slopes of the Sea of Galilee. He has lagged behind to look after a wee black and white lamb, which he is carrying slowly and carefully in his bosom. It is Isaiah's picture: "He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry



M. J. Kendall.

THE NORTH GATE AT JERUSALEM.

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SOLOMON'S POOLS (BETHLEHEM)

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them in his bosom and gently lead those that are with young." As to the sheep themselves, they are long-bellied and seem to have a Semitic profile—another link between man and beast! This is especially noticeable in the flock huddling outside the house of Mary and Martha at Bethany. The other eccentricity (shared by about half the sheep of Palestine) is most clearly to be detected in the flock which is moving quietly along in the sunset, past the north walls of Jerusalem, half concealed in the dust it has raised. I refer to the famous "fat tails," which were first celebrated, it would seem, by Herodotus; he gave them a length of "three cubits or more," and declared that the shepherds of the country constructed little carriages to save them from dragging in the dust. No one has discovered these carriages. Perhaps his estimate of length should refer to the circumference of the rump—for such it is, rather than tail—of this breed of Syrian sheep.

This rump grows to a huge size and consists entirely of rich fat, which forms a kind of sweet butter, much appreciated by the natives.

To the traveller the sheep are a perpetual joy, for they seem to carry a burden of sunshine in solution on their backs; they soften the hard lines in a landscape and lend interest and romance to the most desolate hillside. They and their black brethren,



M. J. Rendall. THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA, BETHANY.

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the goats, are often united in one flock and form a pleasing contrast; the latter, by the way, in the only picture I have of such a united flock, keep with a rigid pertinacity to the right side of the road! So long as shepherds and their flocks are to be found on the hills of Palestine, there remains at least one unspoilt picture of ancient Semitic life.

I am tempted to close with some fine words of D. Adam Smith. "I do not remember," he says, "ever to have seen in the East a flock of sheep without a shepherd. . . .

On some high moor, across which at night the hyenas howl, when you meet him, sleepless, far-sighted, weather-beaten, armed, leaning on his staff, and looking out over his scattered sheep, every one of them on his heart, you understand why the Shepherd of Judea sprang to the front in his people's history; why they gave his name to their King, why Christ took him as the type of self-sacrifice."

The books on Palestine are legion; but few of them are written by men who have lived among the Fellahin. I should like to mention one exception—Mr. C. T. Wilson's "Peasant Life in the Holy Land" (Murray, 1906), which gives a delightful first-hand account of their manners and customs. Every traveller must be mainly indebted to his own eyes; but he will do well to use Mr. Wilson's observation also.

M. J. RENDALL.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THESE crowded times of ours are very forgetful, and of the younger generation there are, no doubt, many to whom the name of Frederick Greenwood, who died on Dec. 14th at the ripe old age of seventy-nine, is nothing but a shadow. Yet it would scarcely be an exaggeration to call him, if not the greatest, at least the most perfect, journalist of his time. There is none to whom the country owed more, and it is no great credit to the nation that, at a time when titles and honours are lavishly bestowed, he should have been allowed to pass his latter years in obscurity, without any official recognition of the great distinction he had won for himself. However, this may have been due to his own wish. After he had suggested purchasing the Suez Canal shares in 1875, Lord Derby enquired what could be done for him, and was surprised to find that this disinterested citizen asked nothing and would accept nothing. Yet the answer was closely in accordance with the entire career of Mr. Greenwood. No one could come into personal contact with him without feeling how foreign self-aggrandisement was to his nature. The story of his career is an important chapter in the history of English journalism. He told me in the course of conversation two or three years ago that he was meditating writing his reminiscences. If the intention was carried out, we shall presently have a book that will throw a singular light upon many of the proceedings of the last half-century concerning which the general public has no more than an inkling. The only doubt I felt on the subject was that Mr. Greenwood was almost too discreet, and too fearful of disclosing the secrets of others, too anxious not to give pain. On an off I had known him for a great many years, and used to meet him sometimes at short and sometimes at long intervals. When he was in the reminiscent vein, generally over a cigar after luncheon or dinner, nothing could be more fascinating than his conversation. He was born in 1830, and very early took to the study of literature and politics; and the start of his career may be said to have been the paper which he contributed to the second number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, "An Essay Without End." He subsequently became one of Thackeray's friends, and indeed his humour and temperament were closely allied to those of the author of "Vanity Fair." This

could be judged from the final chapters of "Denis Duval," which he wrote for the *Cornhill Magazine* after Thackeray's death. If to the Thackeray elements be added a something of the spirit of Thomas Carlyle, the personality of Greenwood is complete. But it is not so great as either, he had a delicacy of perception finer even than theirs, a delicacy that characterised his style of writing. One could almost judge as much from his appearance in later days. Framed in silvery hair, his clear-cut face at times looked almost owlishly wise, but the general expression was as kind as it was serene. His hands were small and fine, fitting in with the beautiful slim figure and small feet.

After Thackeray's death the *Cornhill* was edited by Mr. George Smith himself, George Henry Lewes and Frederick Greenwood, the last mentioned becoming editor on the death of Lewes. The great feature of his work as editor was the quick appreciation of new talent, the reliance on his own judgment, and the courage with which he asserted and maintained the claims of any newcomer with whose work he was pleased. To his credit must be placed the discovery of several men who fill, or have filled, important places in the literature of to-day. The first of these finds shows the passion for country life and country things that was an essential part of his character. Curiously enough, although one of his brothers was a sporting journalist, and the closest friend of his mid-career was a great sportsman, he himself had not been given to any of the usual open-air pastimes or amusements beyond a moderate taste for walking; but there was something in him to which Thomas Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd," appealed, and from that moment he was the champion of the young novelist. Later on he was to give other proofs of the same discernment. In one of those speculative moments to which his most ingenious mind was prone he thought out the idea of a new evening paper, which subsequently found embodiment in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. How it occurred he told me many times, and on one occasion at least set it down in print. One day he happened to buy, at Holborn Bars, a complete copy of Canning's *Anti-Jacobin*, in its original newspaper form. His admiration for this work, as is well known, endured to the end of his days, and, indeed, he started and edited for some

years a brilliant paper of the same name; but as he turned over the pages he thought out the possibilities of creating a new type of journalism. At that time the *Saturday Review* was in the full flush of its strength, and it occurred to him that if the best features of that brilliant journal were combined with the best features of the *Anti-Jacobin*, in conjunction with a few additions drawn up "with an eye to the things and demands of the hour," there would be produced "a new thing that ought to be a glory and a power." He had no idea of managing or editing it himself, when he happened, while dining with Mr. George Smith, to describe the views he had been forming. Indeed, he suggested that the best man for the purpose would be Richard Holt Hutton of the *Spectator*. But Mr. Smith very logically concluded that he who planned the paper ought to edit it, and so it was that Frederick Greenwood was installed in the editorial chair of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. How fresh, brilliant and strong he made it is now a matter of history. The British Public, however, which so frequently jumps at the work of a charlatan, takes a long time to recognise true worth, and in those days the *Pall Mall Gazette*, judged from the commercial point of view, was an utter failure. It was a success only in so much as it was one of the most brilliant efforts of journalism ever made in Great Britain. What eventually brought it to the notice of the public was the libel action brought about by the exposure of a quack medicine vendor, and in the second place the publication of a brilliant series of papers by James Greenwood, a brother of Frederick's, who came to be known ever afterwards as "The Amateur Casual." In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Greenwood gathered round him a most distinguished band of contributors, among whom were included Sir Henry Mayne, Matthew Arnold, Sir James FitzJames Stephen, Leslie Stephen, "J.K.S.," and Jacob Omnim. But perhaps the most striking discovery that he made while editing the *Pall Mall Gazette* was Richard Jefferies, at that time a crude, raw lad from the country, making his first feeble efforts to gain a footing in literature. Mr. Greenwood told me that when he saw the first little essays which were the nucleus of "The Gamekeeper at Home" he was very much inclined to return them at sight. They were very ill written on cheap bad paper, and it seemed doubtful whether they would recompense him for the trouble they would take to decipher. But there never was a more conscientious editor. To the end of his editorial career he read his manuscripts himself, and wrote his letters with his own hand, disdaining the mechanical appliances that came into vogue after he was past middle age. So he read the work of Richard Jefferies and discovered its value. He, metaphorically speaking, took the young man by the hand and led him forth into the light of day. Jefferies himself was most grateful for this help, and continued to his death to look on Frederick Greenwood as his literary sponsor. How he felt about it is all set down in certain unpublished letters that we hope will yet see the light, and it is greatly to be regretted that the last biographer of Richard Jefferies entirely omitted to mention this important fact in his history. There were only two men, Jefferies himself and Greenwood, who knew to what extent the excellent English style which Jefferies finally wielded came to be formed by the pruning and suggesting of Frederick Greenwood. The end of Greenwood's connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette* is very well known. The paper had not been a commercial success, and in the end Mr. Smith sold it to his son-in-law, Mr. Yates Thompson, who changed its politics. Of course, Greenwood was not one of those journalists whose opinions are made to order, so he retired from the *Pall Mall*, and was succeeded by his brilliant lieutenant, the present Lord Morley of Blackburn.

Many tributes have been paid to the influence which he exerted in the pages of our contemporary, but perhaps the most solid one came from the friends and supporters that he made. He told me, and I am not sure whether it has ever got into print or not, that, being thoroughly tired with the winding up, he went down to his favourite club, the Garrick, to dinner, and found there offers of capital sufficient to float several evening newspapers. He declined them at the time, but subsequently, with a few of the most brilliant members of his old paper, he founded the *St. James's Gazette*, to which he brought ripeness, knowledge and experience, a wide acquaintance with the authors of his day, unconquerably high spirits, and a taste that had been purified and improved, if that were possible. It is no wonder that under these circumstances the *St. James's Gazette* became the most delightful evening paper ever published in London. Among his discoveries in it was Mr. Barrie, and one remembers yet the pleasurable anticipation with which the paper used to be opened when the successive chapters of "A Window in Thrums" were being published. Mr. Andrew Lang was then in his heyday, and some of his most charming essays appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*. These are only two conspicuous names, but every evening there was sure to be at least one contribution such as no other journal of the day was likely to produce. Often it has been my fortune to hear writers of established reputation

tell how their first hesitating efforts were accepted by Mr. Greenwood and how they were helped forward by him. Among them was the late Mr. Charles J. Cornish, who until his death was Shooting Editor of this paper. Mr. Cornish used to tell me how he had from early youth taken the keenest interest in natural history, sport and all that pertains to the open air, but it was not until a comparatively ripe period of his manhood that he thought of writing. His first attempt was, I think, though I cannot be quite sure, a paper on rooks on the Berkshire Downs. Whatever it was, Greenwood accepted and published it, and Cornish told me that whatever he had done in his subsequent career was largely due to Greenwood's kindness and encouragement. Had his early efforts been rejected, it is in every way possible, since he was in no sense dependent upon journalism, that his shooting and his observation might have been numbered with the poems that are "lived and left unsung." In some of the obituary notices of Mr. Greenwood, appearing in the most important of our contemporaries, a wrong reason is given for his throwing up the *St. James's Gazette*. He left it because Prince Bismarck, who at that time was anxious to secure power over what was the most influential paper in England, had attempted to get behind the editor. Greenwood resented this, just as his high spirit had resented the change of politics in the *Pall Mall*, and he left, and started the *Anti-Jacobin*. But by this time an entirely new taste in journalism had sprung up, and the attempt was not successful.

For a good many years after that he was a frequent contributor to the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Westminster Gazette* and some of the magazines. In our own pages he frequently wrote, whenever he had anything to say that was of interest to country readers, sometimes over his signature, sometimes without it, but at all times he was ready with help and advice. These, however, are only outstanding events in his life. The undercurrents would form a much more interesting story if one were permitted to describe them.

P. A. G.

THE AGE AND FERTILITY OF DOMESTIC SHEEP.

In a recent number of *COUNTRY LIFE* there was an interesting picture of a very old ewe, about twenty years of age if I remember rightly. Wishing to ascertain the average life of domestic sheep, I looked through the private flock book of a celebrated Southdown breeder to which I had access. Since the year 1889 this breeder has kept a record of the pedigree and the produce of every one of his flock ewes. Unlike most flockmasters, who sell their ewes when they have produced three or four crops of lambs, this agriculturist retains in his flock any ewe whose progeny proves to be very valuable for as long a period as she is able to thrive and continue prolific on the ordinary diet and under the same conditions as her flock mates. From this record I gather that a Southdown ewe will continue to breed up to about the age of ten years, or older, and that there seems no reason why the produce of a ten year old ewe should not prove as valuable as that of a younger sheep. The following are extracts from the private flock book. The ewes have their first lambs when just two years old:

Ewe No. 5. Born 1891, sold 1902, had 15 lambs. One of her twin lambs, born in 1901, was in the fourth prize pen of wethers at the Smithfield Club Show, 1902.

Ewe No. 18. Born 1899, she bred until the year 1908, and was then fattened off, after producing 13 lambs.

Ewe No. 21. Born 1890, died 1904, bred regularly up to 1903, in which year she was barren, but produced twins in 1904. She had in all 20 lambs.

Ewe No. 22. Born 1892, sold in 1903, produced 17 lambs. In 1903 she lambed a ram and an ewe; the former realised 14 guineas in 1904 and the latter 4 guineas. A ram from her was used in the Sandringham flock and two others were exported to France and Germany.

Ewe No. 25. Born 1890, sold 1900, had 13 lambs.

Ewe No. 30. Born 1891, sold 1901, had 12 lambs.

Ewe No. 64. Born 1897, sold 1907, had 14 lambs.

Ewe No. 69. Born 1892, sold 1904, in which year she was barren, but was prolific in 1903, and had in all 12 lambs.

Ewe No. 85. Born 1886, died 1896. She bred all wether lambs, singles, 10 in number, no females. In 1892, 1893, 1894 and 1896 she produced lambs that won prizes at the large fat-stock shows. Her tenth lamb, dropped in 1896, was in the first prize pen at Norwich and the fourth prize pen at Smithfield.

Ewe No. 88. Born 1895, sold, fat, 1904, bred 13 lambs. Five years she had twins, including the years 1902, 1903 and 1904, and three years a single.

Ewe No. 92. Born 1891, died 1902, had 16 lambs.

Ewe No. 99. Born 1893, sold 1904, had 15 lambs.

Ewe No. 115. Born 1893, died 1903, had 12 lambs. She aborted in 1896.

Ewe No. 120. Born 1893, died 1903, had 9 lambs, all singles.

Ewe No. 124. Born 1893, sold 1904, had 14 lambs.

Ewe No. 127. Born 1893, sold 1902, had 14 lambs.

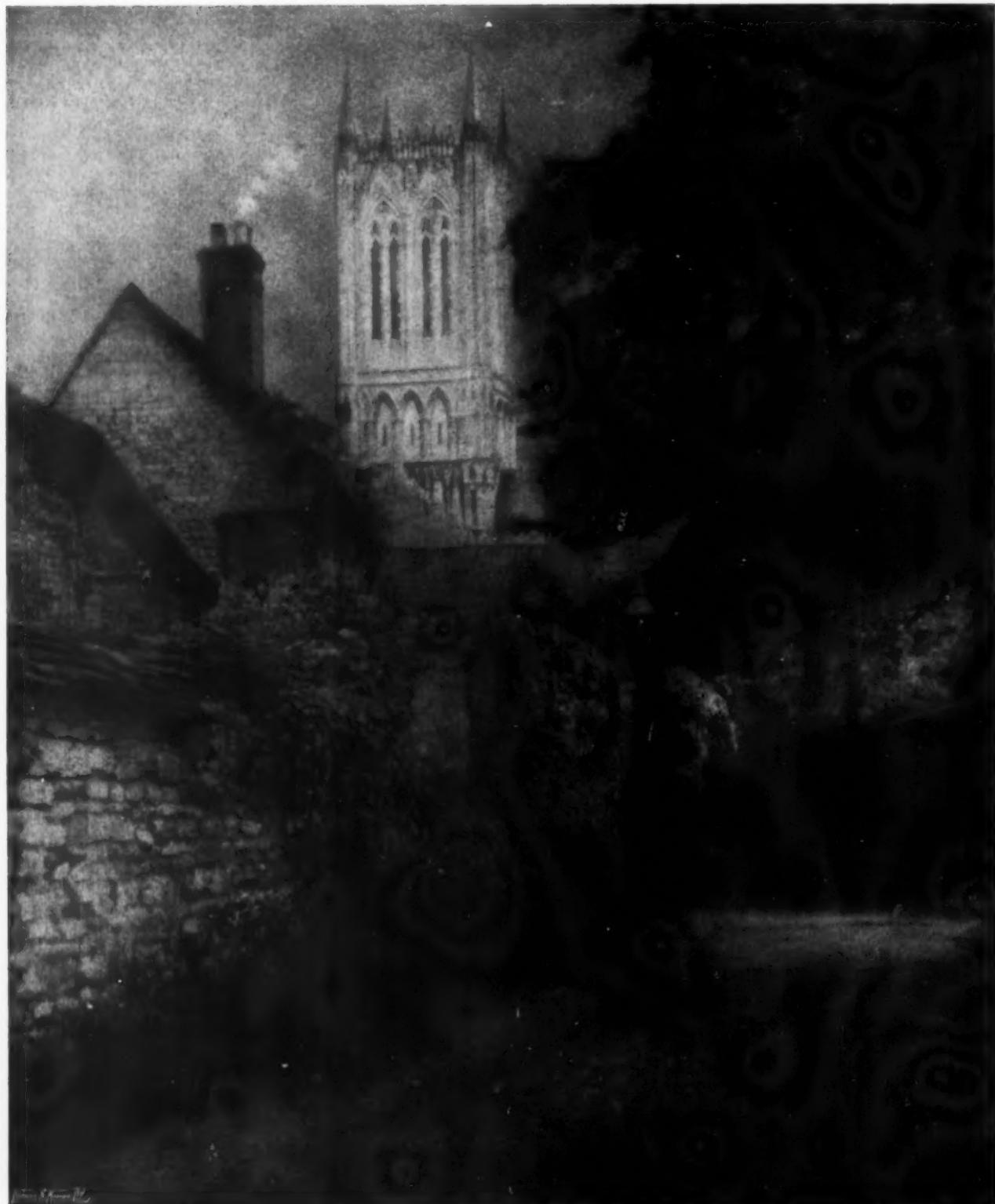
Ewe No. 130. Born 1894, sold 1905, had 11 lambs, including 5 rams, which were all sold. Four of these went abroad, to Canada, Jamaica, Chili and Argentina; one of them realised 100 guineas.

Ewe No. 137. Born 1897, sold 1905, had 13 lambs.

Ewe No. 149. Born 1897, sold 1906, had 12 lambs.

Ewe No. 169. Born 1894, sold 1905, had 15 lambs.

W



B. Cox

"PEACE BROODETH HERE."

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

WITCHES' TEARS,

BY
W. S.

There was no light in the room save the small blue flames that flickered from the lumps of burning camphor floating in seven bowls of water. Each camphor-berg twirled merrily as its base kept eddying away in pearly bubbles. These were the witches' tears.

Seven intent pairs of eyes were watching, and seven pairs of lips kept silence, though sometimes a soft sigh fanned the ebbing flames, which one by one were quenched in a watery grave, until there was only one left burning, and that was in the bowl of the youngest girl.

"Oh, my dear aviator! he has beaten you all," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"You picked out the largest piece of camphor," laughed her sister, a beautiful girl named Nina, as she clicked on the electric light.

"It breaks the spell to say whom your camphor is meant to be, Hatty," warned a girl visitor.

"But will it matter, as I did not say his name, Amy?" asked the child, anxiously.

"Not this time, and now we are going to make earth pellets, when we have to tell the name of the winners."

Each girl took four slips of paper, on which they wrote the name of a man. These were rolled up separately in earth; then in turn the girls dropped them into a tumbler of water. Amy, being the eldest, put hers in first; they fell to the bottom of the glass. As the earth washed off, the paper came quickly to the surface.

Amy fished out the first that rose and read out calmly, "Captain Grant."

Hatty exclaimed, "How funny! I've got him too, also a Prince, an author and an aviator. I love them all and do not mind which it is that will be my husband."

"I am afraid that you are very fickle, Hatty," said Nina.

Amy objected. "It is absurd, a little girl like you choosing a man as old as Captain Grant. You are much too young to be here at all; anyway, you should choose boys about your own age."

"Boys!" exclaimed Hatty, scornfully, "when I can have men. It does not matter a bit me being younger, because if my Captain Grant comes up first I shall be grown up just in nice time to be his second wife."

There was a titter from some of the girls at Amy's expression. Meanwhile the rest of her papers had floated up. Nina went to take them out to make room for her own. As she did so she could not help seeing Captain Grant written three times over. She threw them into the fire without speaking, but her face looked troubled. When her first pellet melted she said, "It is only Bobby Rowe."

"Only," said one of her sisters, reproachfully.

"Sorry, Lottie, all I meant was that I had written him down because I could not think of a fourth."

This was unheard by Hatty, for she was listening to a stern voice speaking on the other side of the locked door.

"Miss Hatty, I know that you are in there; you are to come away to bed this instant minute."

"Oh, Nina, must I go? Can't you keep the door locked until it has come to my turn?" pleaded Hatty.

"You shall have your turn at once, instead of me," said Lottie; and Nina called out, "Very well, Nannie, we will send Hatty up in five minutes."

The child promptly dropped her four pellets into the water. They were so slightly covered with earth that they rose almost simultaneously. She was so afraid of not being quite fair that she asked Nina to decide which was first.

"This, I think; but who is Mr. Right? That is Nannie's name for a future husband."

"That is the name of my aviator; it is he again, so it must be true!" exclaimed Hatty, in an awe-struck tone. "The five minutes is not up; do let me do something else."

She was allowed to dangle a wedding-ring tied on to a hair in the now empty tumbler.

"One, two, three," counted Hatty as the ring clinked against the side of the glass. Then her hand grew steady enough to hold it motionless.

Amy pushed her impatiently on one side and tied one of her own fair hairs to the ring. Her fingers shook, and Hatty called out gleefully, "seven, eight, nine, ten. Oh, you will be old before you are married, Amy!"

Amy drew the ring out of the glass, saying pettishly, "How can anyone keep steady with such a little fidget as Hatty standing by?"

"Good-night, Hatty; you must go to bed now. Mind you do not chat to Nannie about what we have been doing; it is a dead secret," said Nina, unlocking the door and pushing her out warily before an ambush of boys could dart in. Therefore, Hatty went to bed with such an air of mystery and self-importance that the nurse longed to give her a smack.

The next Sunday afternoon Hatty was in the paddock looking in vain for belated mushrooms when she espied Captain Grant riding towards the stables. Her thin legs raced after him. Hearing her shout he turned and came towards her.

"I suppose that dulcet cry meant that you wanted a ride?" He jumped down and put her upon his horse.

"I hope that you have come to tea," said Hatty, hospitably, adding, hastily: "But it is not dark enough to be teatime yet. You can let me ride right round the paddock."

She sat astride the horse with her head thrown back, her eyes gazing up into the sky and an ecstatic expression on her face.

"What are you thinking of, Hatty?" Captain Grant expected some reference to angels.

"I was thinking that if I married the author we would motor about in different countries and write books about them to pay for our travels. If I married you I could always be riding your horse. If I married the Prince we would go rushing everywhere in especial trains; but as I am going to marry the aviator we shall be able to fly about up there."

"Whatever has made you think such a lot about marriage? You are rather too young yet, you know."

Hatty clapped her hands to her mouth, then groaned, "Oh dear, do you know what it is to have to keep a secret that is always nearly slipping out?"

"Yes, I do," said Captain Grant, feelingly, "and I cannot stand it any longer. I am going to tell it to your sister Nina this afternoon."

Hatty turned to him with her face alight with interest.

"Are you going to tell her whom you are going to marry?"

"Yes, I am, you cute little beggar."

"But Nina knows already."

"I expect she does," said Captain Grant, laughingly; "but I must tell her all the same, before she can promise to marry me."

"But it is not Nina who is going to marry you. She can't—she is going to marry Bobby Rowe."

"What!"

Hatty looked startled, but persisted, "You have made me tell a dead secret, but I thought you knew it."

"It can't be true. Look here, Hatty, you are a nice little girl now, but you won't be one long if you take to repeating vulgar gossip."

Hatty was bewildered.

"I do not know what you mean by vulgar gossip; but it is true that Bobby Rowe is going to be Nina's husband—she said so herself; but you must not tell anyone else—it is a dead secret."

The incredulity died out of Captain Grant's face and he spoke quietly, "Since when has Rowe been going to be your sister's husband?"

"Since Friday evening."

"Since Friday evening! And only yesterday afternoon she let me— Whew! Thank God you are plain, Hatty, for the pretty girls are all alike."

The look of dismay on the child's face made him feel a brute. She said, piteously, "I know I am ugly, every time I see myself in a glass, but I did hope no one else had noticed it."

"You are not ugly; you have a dear little face, Hatty. I was in a bad temper; just kiss and be friends, for I have to go away to-morrow."

"But you are coming in to tea now?" she said, as he lifted her off the horse.

"Not to-day. I do not think I will tell my secret, after all, and so you had better not say anything about meeting me. Good-bye, little one." He mounted and rode away.

Hatty sat down to tea so absorbed in her own thoughts that she never noticed that Nina's eyes kept wandering towards the door, long after Bobby Rowe had gone, and that it was Lottie, not Nina, who strolled away with him into the conservatory to look at the chrysanthemums. The whole of the next day Nina was in a state of expectancy, and then she feared she had mistaken the meaning of Captain Grant's seeming devotion. Pride made her hide the hurt astonishment in her heart. Her brothers and sisters noticed nothing unusual about her, except that she was inclined to be irritable. But one night Hatty (after a too free indulging in mince-pies, purloined from the larder by her brother Jack) had nightmare. She dreamed that a witch was riding through the window on a broomstick to tickle her. She gave a muffled cry and awoke. It was barely dawn, but she could see a black figure kneeling by the window. "Save me, Nina!" she shrieked, for she slept in the same room.

"Don't be frightened, Hatty, it is only I." Nina came to the bedside. The child clung to her, saying: "Oh! I thought you were a witch. Why, Nina! have you been crying? Your cheeks feel all wet."

"With witches' tears, then," answered Nina, trying to laugh. "I will tell you something happy that was settled after you had gone to bed last night—dear Lottie and Bobby are going to be married soon."

"But it was you he was going to marry; he was in your tumbler."

"Oh, Hatty, you little goose, that was only a game," said Nina, kissing her. "Go to sleep again and dream about your bridesmaid's frock."

For a day Hatty wandered about with a load upon her conscience. Then she could bear it no longer; she determined to confess to Captain Grant. She knew where to find him, because she had heard a brother wondering why he did not come over from the barracks. But the difficulty was to get to him without letting out his secret. A motor-van, stopping at the back door with parcels, showed her the way. While the man was chatting to the servants, she took a couple of apples to the boy outside and asked: "You are going on to Sheepstown, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Do you pass the common?"

"Yes, we have to leave some parcels at the barracks."

"That is exactly where I want to go, so do please take me with you. I do not want the man to see me. Can't I hide in the back of the van?"

"I daren't do it, Miss; it is as much as my place is worth, even if you gave me a golden pound."

"I could not give you a sovereign. I have spent all my money buying Christmas presents. But if you will let me get in, no one will ever know. I will be as silent as the Spartan boy."

"What Spartan boy d'you mean?"

"I do not know what Spartan," answered Hatty, trying in vain to catch a fleeting recollection, "but he never called out, however much they hurt him."

"He must have been dumb, then; and anyway, I would not let even him get into this van."

"But you will let me if I get you lots more apples," said Hatty, in a wheedling voice.

The boy shook his head, but he wavered when she darted into the apple-room and staggered out with a basket-load.

"It is only an old fish-basket, and I may eat as many apples as I like, and if I don't eat any or about a week it will make up for these, so it is not stealing," she panted.

The result was that when the motor-van went on its noisy way it was heavier by the weight of a basket of apples and a small girl.

The six-mile journey seemed intolerably slow to Hatty, but at last the van stopped at the barracks, and a dusty, dishevelled little girl dropped down unostentatiously from under the canvas back, and made her way across a square to a row of doors, all looking exactly alike. She looked critically at a motor-bicycle standing outside one, and made a lucky guess at its owner.

The man-servant assured her that Captain Grant was at home. "What name shall I say, Miss?"

"Miss Prettyman," answered Hatty, who hated her name of Harriet, and was too dignified to say Hatty.

She was shown into a sitting-room, and almost directly Captain Grant hurried into the room.

"Hatty!" he exclaimed; but before he could say anything further Hatty spoke all in one breath:

"What a splendid fire for toasting muffins I have been such a howling cad and told you a lie but I never meant to."

When the amazed Captain at last understood what she was talking about, he said, "You were a brick to come, Hatty; but now I must see about getting you home, or your mother will be anxious about you. By the by, how did you get here? You look as though that aviator of yours had brought you and tumbled you out at my door."

She ignored his question, but remarked: "It would be heavenly to ride home on a motor-bicycle."

"I was just going out on my motor; I will try and borrow a trailer for you to sit in."

"Don't," begged Hatty, "let me ride at the back of you. I often do on Jack's."

When Captain Grant found there was no trailer to be had nearer than the town, he let Hatty have her way. To her suggestion that they should fly like the wind, he asked her if she had seen any police traps on the way. She exclaimed, "How could I possibly see behind a lot of old par— Oh!" she broke off. "It's not kind of you to try to make me tell when I promised the boy I would not."

"Hold tight, Hatty!" for in her indignation she had let go to thump a small fist on his shoulder. "I won't ask a question more, though I really am awfully curious about those old parsons."

Hatty burst into a glee'ul laugh. Her high spirits were infectious, and they did the last mile in record time, slackening, however, before they reached the village. As it was, the scandalised villagers, busy with their Christmas shopping, reported to their stay-at-home relatives that they had seen "that youngest Miss Prettyman whizzing by, riding astride one of those dreadful bicycles with her arms clinging tightly round a gentleman's neck—and on Christmas Eve too!"

As they came near the church Hatty said, "We are going to have late tea because of the decorating. Look! there are a crowd of people going up the lane, and Lottie and Bobby in the churchyard." After receiving Captain Grant's congratulations Lottie and Bobby carried Hatty off with them, but not before the child had peeped into the church and announced "Nina must be just coming out, for she is saying her prayers."

When Nina came out of the door she almost walked into the arms of Captain Grant. "This is the quickest answer to prayer I have ever had," she said, simply. For the dusk did not prevent her reading aright the pleading look in his eyes.

A WINTER IDYLL.

Pull down the blinds; shut out the day,
For not a single sun-set ray
Hath pierc'd the weeping sky's dead white,
And through the evening's wan light
Slant the long ribands of the rain.

The sparrows, back from copse and lane,
Amids the patterning ivy bawl
For lodg'g next the warm house-wall,
And where the golden laurel leans
To leeward, master blackbird preens
His draggled feathers.

Coughing sheep,
Their wool all mired and matted, keep
Cold company within the net
Where, turnip-strewn and wringing wet
The fallow lies,—a piteous nook.

Down by the Elms the hedger's hook
Takes one last gleam, as he goes by,
From the fast darkening winter's sky;—

Let's to the fireside, you and I,
For, looking there, we may descry
Midst burning crater, red ravine,
Lands and adventures we have seen;
Or, tired of that, tell o'er again
(Heedless of shrewish wind and rain)
The pleasant ways I went with you
When woods grew green, when skies flashed blue,
When lilies-of-the-valley shared
With hyacinths the glades now bared;
Squirrel-like, taking, of our thirst,
The mind's good victual, to uplift
Our hearts from all the garnered store;
What else did God give memory for?

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.

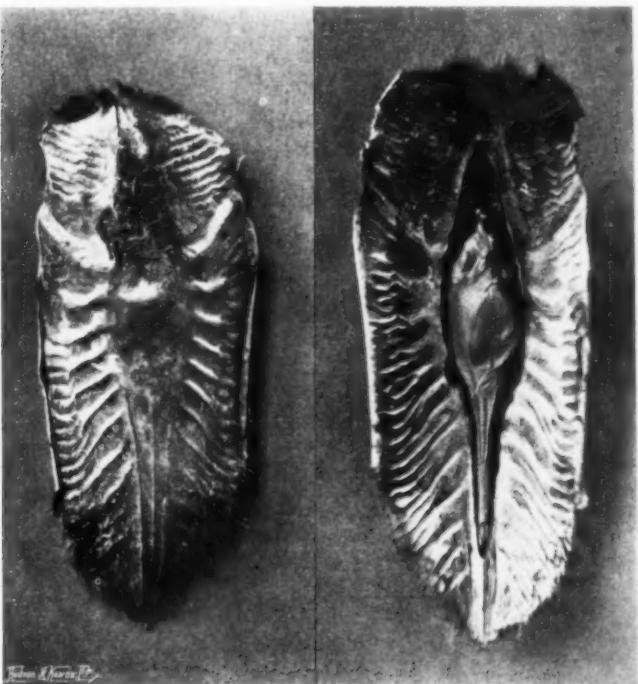
SOME CASES OF PARENTAL CARE AMONG FISHES.

THE majority of fishes lay eggs, which are shed at random, either floating on the surface of the water or sinking to the bottom, the males following and scattering their milt in like manner. Such a mode of reproduction, of course, entails a terrific waste, which Nature has provided for by endowing fishes which thus behave with a marvellous fecundity. To mention a few examples of the most prolific fishes, the herring is known to produce as many as fifty thousand eggs in one season, the cod up to seven millions, the ling up to twenty-eight millions. Such fishes are totally indifferent to their progeny, and the belief has long prevailed that all are thus constituted. Oliver Goldsmith, in the eighteenth century, told his readers that "Fishes seem, all except the whale kind, entirely divested of those parental solicitudes which so strongly mark the manners of the more perfect terrestrial animals." As late as the beginning of the last century, an eminent German zoologist, Ehrenberg, divided the vertebrate or back-boned animals into two groups—*Nutrientia* and *Orphanozoa*, the former being the mammals and birds which feed and rear their young, the latter being the reptiles and fishes which are described as taking no care of their progeny. The parental indifference with which fishes have thus been credited is, however, far from universal, for many are the species which

these forms the eggs number thousands. In this article we shall mention only a few of those fishes which, practising economy by the care with which they surround their eggs and their young, avo'd waste in different degrees, and in consequence have been able to reduce in proportion the number annually produced. The means by which this is attained are various, but fall mainly under four heads: (a) Eggs enclosed in a protective hard shell; (b) eggs retained in the body of the mother until hatched (viviparous fishes); (c) eggs carried by the parent, either in the mouth and pharynx or attached to the belly, or in a special pouch on the belly or under the tail; (d) eggs deposited in nests or burrows where, as well as the young fry, they are watched over and defended by one or both of the parents. Hard-shelled eggs are those of various dogfish, skates and chimaeras. They are large and few in number, and are impregnated before they enter the uterus, where they become invested with a tough leathery capsule. The embryos are long in developing and they are hatched, by a rift in the shell, at an advanced state. These capsules, of a yellow, brown, or black colour, vary much in shape according to the genera. Their outer surface may be smooth, or marked with longitudinal or transverse ridges, which in the Port Jackson shark (*Cestracion philippin*) form a spiral winding from one pole to the other. In this so-called shark, and in the dogfish of the genus *Scyllium*, the egg-cases are provided with tendrils by means of which they are fixed to weeds, among which the female, when extruding an egg, swims round and round. Two distinct types of egg-cases are here figured, that of the Chimaerid *Callorhynchus* being cut open to show the embryo.



EGG-CASE OF DOGFISH
(*SCYLLIUM*).

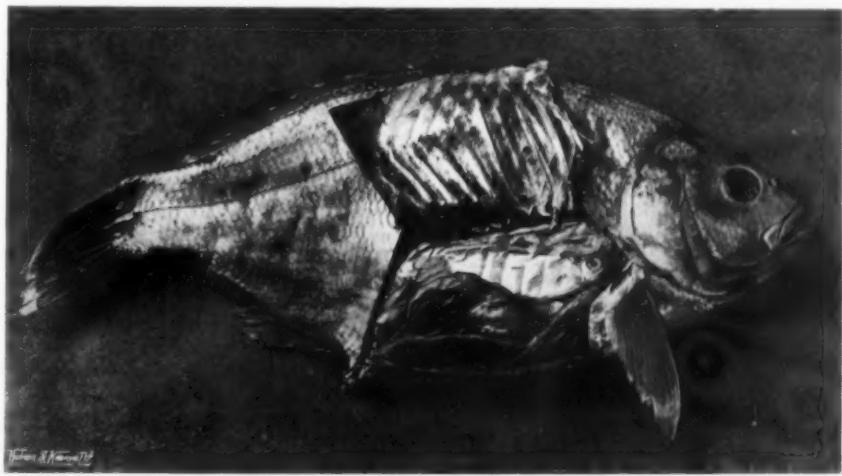


EGG-CASE OF *CALLORHYNCHUS*.

behave in quite a different manner, as we shall show in this article. There is every degree between the wasteful mode of propagation instanced above and the various provisions made for the protection of the offspring, such as, for instance, the hard-shelled eggs laid by various skates and dogfishes mentioned by Dr. Ward in a recent article in this journal, and, on the whole, we find that the number of eggs or young produced by a fish is correlated with the chances of survival, so as to maintain that equilibrium which is so striking in Nature uninterfered with by civilised man.

The eggs of many fishes are more or less protected by being laid in a shallow excavation prepared by the female, as in salmonids, or fixed to stones or aquatic plants, the perch, for instance, depositing them in band-like gelatinous masses, which are twined round reeds or submerged water plants; but even in

Examples of viviparous species are known in widely-different groups of fishes. In some, as in the perch-like *Sebastes norvegicus*, common at great depths between Scotland and Norway, the young are born very tiny and their number is very great. In others, such as many sharks and rays, they are few in number (two to twenty) and retained for a long time in the uterus, where, after the absorption of the yolk-sac, they may be nourished by a milk-like fluid, secreted by villosities of the uterus and forced into the two openings (spiracles) situated behind the eyes, to be apparently digested and absorbed by the foetal blood-vessels, as in the Indian skate (*Pteroplatea micrura*). Viviparous parturition is also known in many Cyprinodonts, small fresh-water fishes of the tropics, such as the millions of Barbados which have recently attracted much attention as destroyers of mosquito larvae, in some blennies and zoarcines, in the surf-fishes, in the deep-sea *Aphyonus*, in the blind cave fish of Cuba (*Lucifuga*), in a small South African barbel (*Barbus viviparus*), etc.



VIVIPAROUS FISH, *DITREMA ARGENTEUM*. THE SIDE OPENED TO SHOW THE YOUNG.

The eggs of the surf-fishes, Embiotaocidae, perch-like fresh-water fishes of Japan and Western North America, have little yolk, and the young, forty to fifty in number, closely packed in the uterus, are mainly nourished by a secretion from the uterine walls; the young at birth are of relatively very large size and quite similar in form to the parent, as may be seen in the third illustration.

We shall now mention a few examples of eggs nursed or carried by the parents. In the butter-fish (*Centronotus Gunellus*) of our coasts both parents look after the eggs, which are rolled into a ball, round which the fish coils its elongate body, the male and the female taking care of them in turn. Most of the catfishes (Siluridae) take great care of their eggs and young. In the marine and estuarine genus *Arius* the male shelters them in the mouth and pharynx; these eggs are few in number, half-a-dozen to fifty, and may measure as much as three-fourths of an inch in diameter in the South American *Arius Commersonii*, which grows to a length of three feet. As soon as the eggs are laid and fertilised they are taken by the male and carried for several weeks, during which the devoted parent is unable to feed, and becomes

yard in diameter. He remains some time in the hole or nest, occupied chiefly in smoothing down the sides of the excavation by revolving round and round with his tail in the centre, brushing away dirt with his fins. He then goes out in search of a mate and courtship follows. The eggs are oval, the greatest diameter being about three millimetres, and one female carries from two hundred to eight hundred in her mouth. Other species have larger and fewer eggs, the largest being found in *Tropheus Moorii*, from Lake Tanganyika, a fish only about three inches in length, in which the eggs are of the size of a small pea, four filling the space available for their accommodation.

In South Africa the Rev. Nendick Abraham has watched the breeding habits of two species of *Tilapia* in an aquarium, and he was able to witness the tiny young moving about in the mouth of the parent, some time after venturing out, but returning to their retreat with the most startling rapidity, and always in perfect order, at the slightest commotion. A small sea perch, *Apogon nigripinnis*, from the Indian and South Pacific Oceans, growing to about three inches, has also been found with the mouth and pharynx greatly distended by numerous eggs. Both

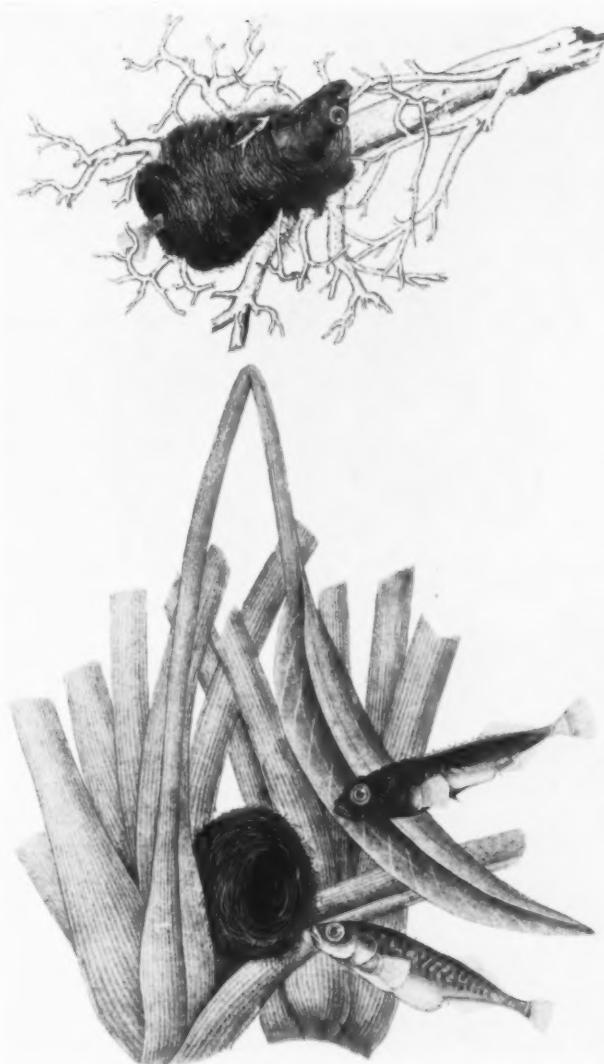
specimens in which this has been observed have proved to be males.

In other fishes the eggs are carried by one of the parents—in some genera by the male, in others by the female—attached to the belly or to the lower surface of the tail. In the female of a South American catfish (*Aspredo batrachus*) they cover the whole ventral surface, the skin of which becomes tumefied, and each egg is fixed to a sort of cup, borne on a long peduncle. In the little British pipe-fish, *Nerophis*, the eggs are attached to the belly of the male, and in another

SEA-HORSE (*HIPPOCAMPS ANTIQUORUM*). MALE SHOWING BROOD POUCH AND ITS OPENING.

allied genus, *Doryichthys*, there is a fold to support them on each side, while in our great pipe-fish, *Syngnathus*, these folds are still more developed and meet on the median line to form a pouch under the tail, in which the young are retained until fairly advanced, when the pouch splits open along the middle. In the sea-horse, *Hippocampus*, the pouch, also under the tail, is perfected a step further; there is no median cleft and the eggs are introduced and the young expelled by an anterior orifice. In another genus of the same group (*Lophobranchs*), *Solenostoma*, the egg-pouch is borne by the female.

We must now say a few words about nest-builders. Here we find every degree between a simple burrow in the mud or gravel and the most elaborate nest worthy of a bird. Nests are the work of both parents, or, more frequently, of the male alone. Most nest-building fishes are monogamous, but there are exceptions, such as the brook lamprey (*Petromyzon Wilderi*) of North America, in which there is much promiscuity, a number of individuals congregating and several females laying



TEN-SPINED STICKLEBACK AND ITS NEST, AFTER COSTE.

in a rudely constructed nest of weeds. Some, such as the North American perches of the family Centrarchidae (sun-fishes) and the Ganoid *Amia calva*, make an open nest at the bottom of the ponds in which they live, among reeds or other water plants, which they bite and trim, and scoop out a shallow burrow in which the eggs are deposited, attached to the rootlets of the plants. The male after making the nest watches over it, swimming round to drive away intruders, and when the young are hatched and able to swim about, he accompanies them, caring for them like a hen for her chickens. The little gobies of our shores also take great care of their progeny. The male prepares a nursery for the eggs and young, usually selecting for the purpose the valve of a cockle or other shell, or the carapace of a crab, which he partly covers over with sand, the eggs being fixed by the female as she lays them to the inner wall of the recess. But the neatest nests are those made by our sticklebacks (*Gasterosteus*), both fresh-water and marine. As in the above examples, the nest is entirely the work of the male, whose kidneys secrete silk-like threads, which bind together the blades of grass, bits of straw or fine twigs collected for its construction. Sometimes, as in the three-spined stickleback, the nest is made at the bottom of the pond or stream and rests on the sand or mud; sometimes, as in the ten-spined species, it is suspended from water plants or hidden among weeds. The figures here given are reproduced from Coste's *Mémoire* on the subject. In the lower figure the female (below the male) is shown preparing to enter the nest to lay her eggs. The nest is open at both ends to allow the female to pass through it for the oviposition. In the upper figure the male is



FEMALE BITTERLING, SHOWING THE TUBE-LIKE OVIPOSITOR.

seen rotating in his nest to make it tubular. The eggs are comparatively large, and each female produces only from eighty to three hundred. After the eggs have been deposited the male guards the nest, and looks after the aeration of its contents by producing currents through movements of his fins, until the dispersion of the young. There are many other kinds of nests, which for want of space cannot be described in this article. We shall only mention one more, and that not the least remarkable, which is characteristic of the Labyrinthic fishes of the Far East, such as the gourami (*Oosphromenus*), the fighting fish (*Betta*) and the Paradise fish (*Polyacanthus*), the habits of which have often been observed in aquaria. This nest is made of air-bubbles by the male, whose buccal secretion gives consistency to the bubbles. The process of building is a slow one, taking several days, resulting in a frothy mass a few inches in diameter and in depth. The male then seeks a female, and as the eggs are deposited and fertilised after a more or less lengthy courtship, he takes them up in his mouth and carries them to the bubble-nest, which he watches over and keeps in good repair, replacing the bubbles as they burst or picking up any of the eggs or helpless young that may happen to drop out. When the young are able to leave the nest, the male escorts them for some time, defending them with great courage against any enemies, not the least of which are other individuals of his own species.

Before ending this review of the extraordinary breeding instincts of fishes, one word about the little carp-like fish

called Bitterling in Germany (*Rhodeus amarus*), which affords an interesting instance of mutualism or symbiosis. In this fish the genital papilla of the female acquires a great development during the breeding season, becoming produced into a tube nearly half as long as the fish itself. By means of this ovipositor the comparatively few and remarkably large eggs (measuring three millimetres in diameter, the fish being only sixty to eighty millimetres long) are introduced, through the gaping valves of pond-mussels (*Unio* and *Anodonta*), between the gill-laminae of these molluscs, where they undergo their development, the fry leaving their host about a month later, having attained a length of ten or eleven millimetres. The mollusc reciprocates by throwing off its own embryos on the parent fish, in the skin of which they remain encysted for some time, the period of reproduction coinciding in both fish and mussel. By this arrangement both parties derive mutual advantage—the fish by obtaining a safe shelter for its eggs and young, the mussel, a slow-moving creature, being assisted in the more rapid dissemination of its progeny.

To those of our readers who might wish for fuller details on the subject with which we have here dealt briefly, we would recommend the paper by Dr. Theodore Gill, "Parental Care Among Fresh-water Fishes," published in the Reports of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, in 1907.

G. A. BOULENGER.

IN THE GARDEN.

NEW TREES AND SHRUBS.

NOTHING of recent years has stimulated greater interest in the world of horticulture than the introduction of new trees and shrubs. This is brought to one's notice particularly in the bulletin lately issued by the authorities of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. Mr. W. J. Bean, the Assistant-Curator, who has written of these beautiful introductions, mentions that "the wonderful beauty and variety of the arborescent flora of Western and Central China, long ago suggested to us by the dried material of Mr. A. Henry and other travellers, is now being strikingly revealed by the living plants themselves. The present decade has witnessed the introduction to cultivation of a more remarkable assemblage of new hardy trees and shrubs than any previous one, even if we include the busiest years of such collectors as Douglas, Fortune and William Lobb." And in a previous bulletin the same writer says: "One of the most interesting elements in horticulture at the present time is the introduction of new plants from Western and Central China. Most of these, it is hoped, will prove hardy enough to take a permanent place in the outdoor garden, and although the past winter can scarcely be said to have afforded the supreme test of our English climate, the results are full of encouragement. It is especially satisfactory to find that *Davida involucrata*, for which we are indebted to the enterprise of Messrs. Veitch, has not been injured by cold, even to the extent of a single bud. So much could not be said of several British plants."

English gardens have been greatly enriched by the beautiful flowers, trees and shrubs that have been introduced through the firm mentioned by Mr. Wilson, whom we must regard as the greatest plant-collector of this century. Those who have visited the various exhibitions held during the year in the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall at Westminster, must have been astonished to find groups of plants exhibited there for the first time, and destined to become, perhaps, as familiar as the Virginian Creeper or the Laurel. This great work seems to have been overlooked except by the enthusiast; but the name of Wilson must rank with those of the great collectors of the past—Fortune, Boxall and many others who are known to us through their works or the plants named after them. Already several of the flowers are becoming widely grown. *Jasminum primulinum*, which is, unfortunately, not quite hardy, is the most beautiful of its race, and flowers abundantly in the Southern Counties; but in the Northern parts of the British Isles it should receive protection. On several occasions it has been shown before the Royal Horticultural Society, but the plants had been grown in a greenhouse or conservatory. The flowers are larger than those of the winter Jasmine that is gilding many a garden at this season, rich yellow in colour, and scented. *Senecio Clivorum* is already an established favourite. It is a plant for moist soil, by lake or large pond, and has an imposing effect when it is in full bloom. The leaves are deep green, abundant, and the stems of flowers of an intense orange colour. No finer moisture-loving plant has been introduced of recent years.

A shrub that will become as popular as the Siberian Crab is *Cotoneaster applanata*. It is not only graceful, but the slender shoots are smothered with crimson fruits. Among the many Vines introduced, *Vitis Henryii* is one of the most charming, and

certainly other kinds will be much sought after in the future. The foliage of these wild vines from China is very beautiful in colour and form, and will add to the charm and interest of the pergola, for which they are adapted. There are *Clematis Armandii*, *Cotoneaster reflexa*, *Decaisnea Fargesii*, *Eucosma ulmoides*, a low-growing, spreading Honeysuckle (*Lonicera pilenta*), a Poplar of great beauty (*Populus lasiocarpa*), with leaves of remarkable width, from ten inches to twelve inches; *Rheum Alexandræ*, *Viburnum Henryii*, the Buckleia, called *varia-bilis magnifica*, and a climber that will become as popular as its parent, *Clematis montana rubens*. I was pleased to see this variety last summer. It has the vigour, freedom and beauty of *C. montana*, but the flowers are, as the name suggests, of a rosy purple shade, clear, distinct and attractive. These are only a few of the many flowers that have been discovered of late years by Mr. Wilson; but a warm tribute must be paid to Dr. Henry, reader in Forestry at Cambridge University, and who, when in China, collected many flowers that are now in all good English gardens, *Lilium Henryii* and *L. giganteum* among the number. Mr. Wilson will still further, I am convinced, enrich our gardens with flowers that bring colour and fragrance to the surroundings of the home.

E. T. COOK.

SHRUBS FOR HEDGES.

FEW years have elapsed since an informal hedge in any part of the garden or pleasure ground would have been considered untidy and a thing not to be tolerated. Happily, this has, to some extent, been changed, and we now find that hedges of Roses and various evergreens, such as Yews and Thuya, are being formed in various parts of the country. In addition to those mentioned above, there are a number of shrubs suitable for forming hedges where hard cutting into harsh lines is not desired. The *Berberis* family alone gives us several excellent subjects. The beautiful evergreen *Berberis stenophylla* is a graceful shrub at any time, its long, pendulous branches, clothed with narrow green leaves, giving the whole plant an elegant appearance. Then in spring each shoot is bejewelled with yellow flowers and becomes a veritable rope of golden bells. Planted two and a-half feet to three feet apart, a number of these shrubs would quickly form a beautiful hedge five feet to eight feet high. Where a dwarfed and denser hedge is required the handsome evergreen *B. Darwini* might be used. It eventually grows ten feet or more high, but is of slow growth, and may be planted two feet apart. In spring it is usually a mass of rich, orange-coloured flowers, and is a blaze of this colour. In the wilder parts of the grounds *B. Aquifolium* might well be used. It has large, evergreen leaves, which change to a coppery colour in winter, the sulphur-coloured flowers being freely produced in early spring. It has one advantage, viz., that it will thrive almost anywhere. On poor, sandy soils the double Gorse would make an excellent informal hedge. The young plants, which ought to be purchased in pots, should be planted from eighteen inches to two feet apart, and will need little attention afterward except to be kept free from weeds. There are many other shrubs that will suggest themselves as being suitable for this purpose, and this note is written more to draw attention to the subject than to give extensive lists of the plants available.

H.

A BEAUTIFUL WINTER SHRUB—*GARRYA ELLIPTICA*.

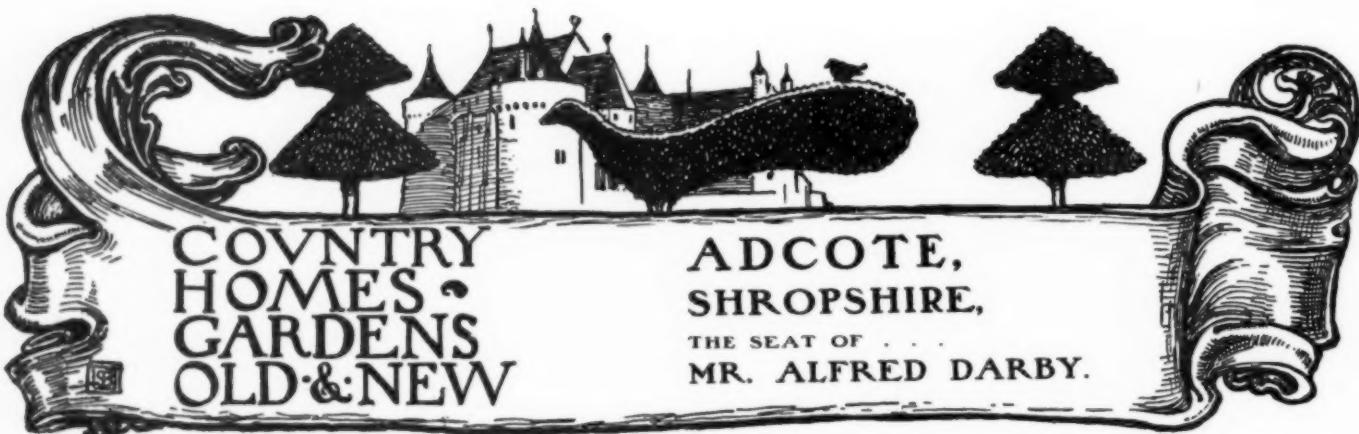
Very few Californian shrubs are really hardy in this country, except in the South-West Counties and similarly favoured localities. This applies to the above shrub, for, although about London it succeeds in the open, it is usually seen in better condition when given the protection of a wall. In places where it thrives it is useful as an evergreen alone, being distinct from any other. Where it is required for its inflorescences, the male plant, which is by far the more common, should be obtained, for it is the yellowish green catkins of this that prove so attractive in midwinter.



SHADOWY MATTERS

M. Kene.

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If a later generation is able to say of this one that it possessed an architectural style sufficiently distinct to be called its own, it will add that of this style Mr. Norman Shaw was the prophet—a prophet who, in his early days and with one or two compeers, cried somewhat in the wilderness, but who soon grew to be appreciated, and is now gladly acknowledged as a master by many of the more thoughtful architects of to-day. This gives especial interest to the large country house near Shrewsbury on which he was at work when he was elected into the Academy, and a bird's-eye view of which hangs in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. Adcote is not merely a house. It is a very important chapter in the book of the evolution of our recent domestic architecture. When Mr. Norman Shaw was still a young man, Professor Kerr published "The English Gentleman's House," and in it he represented the architect as saying to the client: "Sir, you are the paymaster, and must therefore be pattern-master, you choose the style of your house just as you choose the build of your hat." The professor had ten of these "patterns," and "will design in any of them according to order." He proceeds to give typical examples of the ten styles of elevation, the same ground plan being "used for the entire series of designs throughout." It

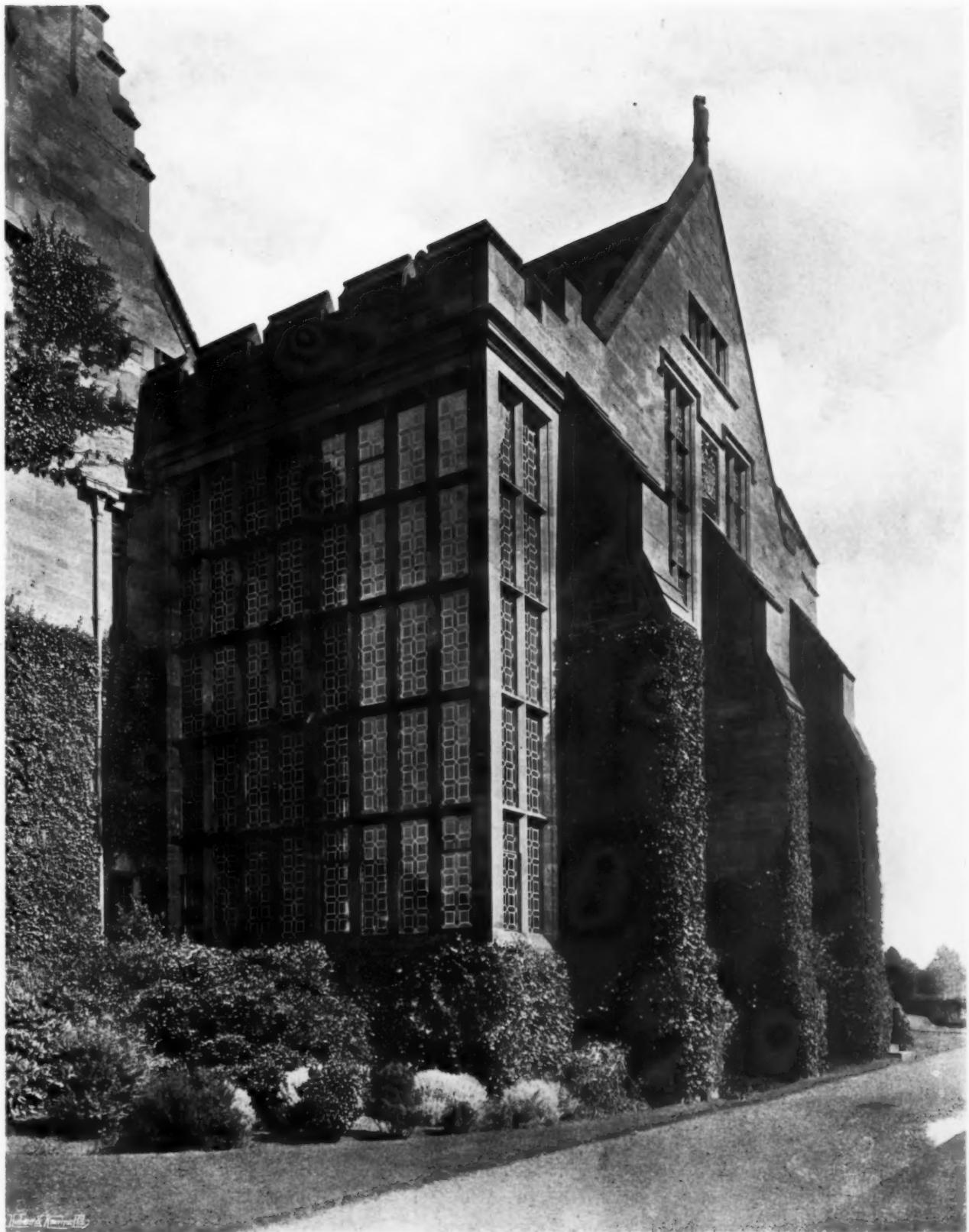
hardly seems necessary to say more in order to show into what a Slough of Despond the art of architecture had then sunk. A plan is part of a style. The disposition, the number, the proportions of the rooms should largely dictate the form of the house. The plan is the petrification of the needs, the habits and the ideas of the inhabitants. The elevation and the decoration should take their cue from the same source, and all three together should be the obviously related components of the one whole, the clearly interdependent members of a single body. But Professor Kerr took the skeleton of an uncompromisingly Victorian organism and covered it by turns with manufactured skins roughly representing various extinct creatures. Whether they represented bipeds or quadrupeds, beasts or birds, of the northern or southern hemisphere, mattered not; each slovenly scarecrow was to him the perfect embodiment of an architectural style. A few strokes of the pencil and the Italian palace became the cottage of rural England, the baronial hall of feudal Scotland or the château of Renaissance France. A re-papering of the inevitable drawing-room, dining-room and study that ranged round a square top-lighted hall, would be all that was necessary to make inside and out match. This would-be quick-change artist used home-manufactured costumes for the various impersonations



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WESTERN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



with which he delighted his home circle, so that the same face, emphatically belonging to his own time, peered by turns out of sundry disguises belonging to no time at all. There were, however, a few among his audience whom he did not delight, and among these Mr. Shaw must have been the most stubborn disapprover. He soon saw that these were not the right methods and he swept them away from his path. Among those who were with him in thought was one who wrote as well as practised, and it is all the

it is badly carried out, because "villas made to sell and streets of small suburban houses are being built everywhere in a style meant to be Gothic, but with none of the characteristics which made old Gothic beautiful." But later on he fully realises the chaos that had resulted from false doctrines. "Our buildings, therefore, are apt to be made up of scraps of design badly put together. We cling slavishly to precedent as our only security from error, instead of the style being part of ourselves and our natural mode of expression."

The thoroughly sound view succinctly stated in the last sentence he put into practice, and while he readily admits that he was directly inspired by the type of the more modest and native houses erected during the half-century that followed the Restoration of 1660, yet in building for himself the house which was for long the only oasis in the Bayswater desert, he "made no attempt to follow any particular style, the style grew naturally from using the ordinary materials and modes of work, and trying to give them character and interest." Mr. Norman Shaw has never been prone to state his opinions in print; but a study of his accomplished work proves that he developed the views expressed by Mr. Stevenson at an early period of his career. To him, with particular force, apply Mr. Stevenson's words on the movement of thought which was then taking place. "Those who had felt the enthusiasm for Gothic, who had drunk in its spirit and had made it a part of themselves, awoke to the consciousness that it was not the expression of modern ideas, or of the domestic requirements of modern life." Mr. Shaw was in William Burn's office, where, a fortnight ago, we saw Eden Nesfield beginning his time of pupilage. He, clever man as he was, never, as the new building at Combe Abbey shows, threw off the "scraps of design" heresy which Mr. Stevenson deplored. But Mr. Norman Shaw struggled against it with much success. He did not abandon imitative Gothic for imitative Classic, nor even for mixed copies of the two. He sought to understand and appreciate both, and then translate his general knowledge into the particular terms desired by the modern Englishman in his old land. The style was not so much to be chosen out of the past as to arise out of the present. Just as our sixteenth century builders solved the problem of the new housing needs of their day by modifying their native and traditional forms and by accepting such foreign and Renaissance ideas as seemed to serve their purpose, so might we now adopt and assimilate the whole spirit

of their methods of design and of workmanship, rather than use the dead letter of their forms copied on to paper, and so build houses that carried on tradition, that fitted climate and environment, and yet fully met and visibly reflected modern requirements. The idea of Adcote was that it should link with the England of the past, belong to the geology and geography of Shropshire and yet be the outcome of the ethics of to-day. All this was realised, although here and there the



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FROM FORECOURT TO GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

more interesting to read J. J. Stevenson's "House Architecture" because it was long on the stocks, and the half-conscious development of the author's ideas can be traced in its pages. At first he has not fully freed himself from the atmosphere of the "Gentleman's House." He holds that the first question to be settled between architect and client "before commencing a house, is the style of architecture it is to be built in." He objects to imitative mediævalism not because it is bad in principle, but only because

note of tentativeness is struck, and a suspicion of the "scraps of design" obsession lingers. The full Gothic flavour of the great hall and the strong Elizabethan characteristics of the other portions of the house are a little too imitative, and give the impression that the designer wanted to pretend that sixteenth century additions had been made to a mediaeval domicile, that the house was an historical accretion and not an entirely synchronous and modern erection. The result is Copyright eminently pleasant

and picturesque, but cannot be quoted as a strict example of truth in architecture. It suggests a determination to avoid a symmetrical composition combined with the weakness of having to fall back upon a fiction to attain the end in view. To this extent criticism must be made, but with it arises the feeling of surprise that with little preparation and after years of subjection to adverse influences, so worthy a departure, so sound an originality of design and treatment could be attained. The date 1879 appears on the arched doorways of the forecourt. But they were a finishing touch added after years of conception and construction. Adcote, therefore, represents the point which Mr. Norman Shaw had reached almost forty years ago, or ten years earlier than the date of the publication of Mr. Stevenson's book from which we

have quoted the same general ideas.

The estate of which Adcote is now the great house was then only a set of farms of which Adcote formed one. It was not, and had never been, a residential property, and haphazard additions to another farmhouse had sufficed for the accommodation of the owners during short visits. When they decided to make it their principal seat, everything had to be made anew and a site settled upon. On high ground with lines of protecting



THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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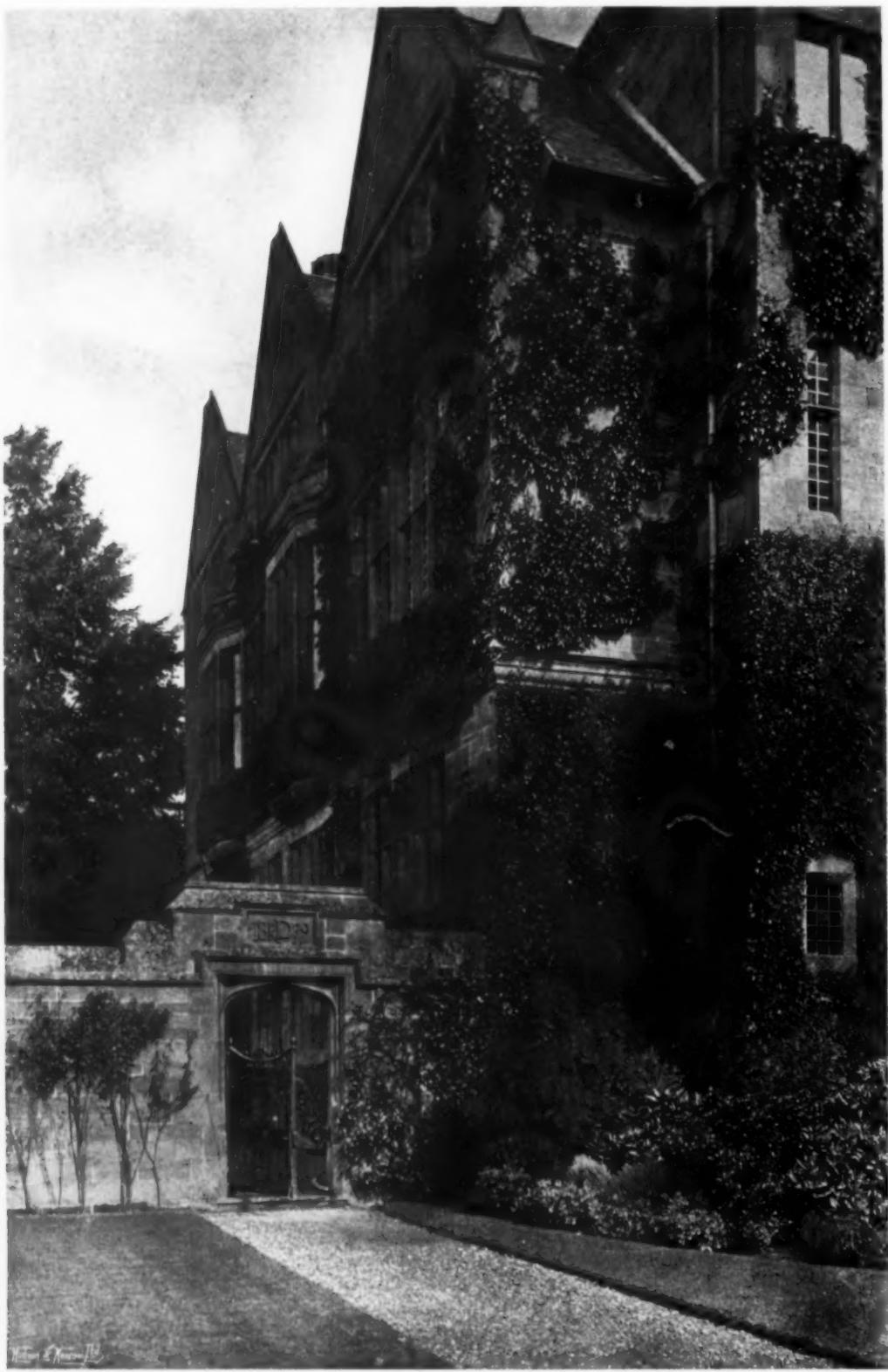
THE TERRACE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with which he delighted his home circle, so that the same face, emphatically belonging to his own time, peered by turns out of sundry disguises belonging to no time at all. There were, however, a few among his audience whom he did not delight, and among these Mr. Shaw must have been the most stubborn disapprover. He soon saw that these were not the right methods and he swept them away from his path. Among those who were with him in thought was one who wrote as well as practised, and it is all the

it is badly carried out, because "villas made to sell and streets of small suburban houses are being built everywhere in a style meant to be Gothic, but with none of the characteristics which made old Gothic beautiful." But later on he fully realises the chaos that had resulted from false doctrines. "Our buildings, therefore, are apt to be made up of scraps of design badly put together. We cling slavishly to precedent as our only security from error, instead of the style being part of ourselves and our natural mode of expression."

The thoroughly sound view succinctly stated in the last sentence he put into practice, and while he readily admits that he was directly inspired by the type of the more modest and native houses erected during the half-century that followed the Restoration of 1660, yet in building for himself the house which was for long the only oasis in the Bayswater desert, he "made no attempt to follow any particular style, the style grew naturally from using the ordinary materials and modes of work, and trying to give them character and interest." Mr. Norman Shaw has never been prone to state his opinions in print; but a study of his accomplished work proves that he developed the views expressed by Mr. Stevenson at an early period of his career. To him, with particular force, apply Mr. Stevenson's words on the movement of thought which was then taking place. "Those who had felt the enthusiasm for Gothic, who had drunk in its spirit and had made it a part of themselves, awoke to the consciousness that it was not the expression of modern ideas, or of the domestic requirements of modern life." Mr. Shaw was in William Burn's office, where, a fortnight ago, we saw Eden Nesfield beginning his time of pupilage. He, clever man as he was, never, as the new building at Combe Abbey shows, threw off the "scraps of design" heresy which Mr. Stevenson deplored. But Mr. Norman Shaw struggled against it with much success. He did not abandon imitative Gothic for imitative Classic, nor even for mixed copies of the two. He sought to understand and appreciate both, and then translate his general knowledge into the particular terms desired by the modern Englishman in his old land. The style was not so much to be chosen out of the past as to arise out of the present. Just as our sixteenth century builders solved the problem of the new housing needs of their day by modifying their native and traditional forms and by accepting such foreign and Renaissance ideas as seemed to serve their purpose, so might we now adopt and assimilate the whole spirit



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FROM FORECOURT TO GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

more interesting to read J. J. Stevenson's "House Architecture" because it was long on the stocks, and the half-conscious development of the author's ideas can be traced in its pages. At first he has not fully freed himself from the atmosphere of the "Gentleman's House." He holds that the first question to be settled between architect and client "before commencing a house, is the style of architecture it is to be built in." He objects to imitative mediaevalism not because it is bad in principle, but only because

of their methods of design and of workmanship, rather than use the dead letter of their forms copied on to paper, and so build houses that carried on tradition, that fitted climate and environment, and yet fully met and visibly reflected modern requirements. The idea of Adcote was that it should link with the England of the past, belong to the geology and geography of Shropshire and yet be the outcome of the ethics of to-day. All this was realised, although here and there the

note of tentativeness is struck, and a suspicion of the "scraps of design" obsession lingers. The full Gothic flavour of the great hall and the strong Elizabethan characteristics of the other portions of the house are a little too imitative, and give the impression that the designer wanted to pretend that sixteenth century additions had been made to a mediæval domicile, that the house was an historical accretion and not an entirely synchronous and modern erection. The result is eminently pleasant

and picturesque, but cannot be quoted as a strict example of truth in architecture. It suggests a determination to avoid a symmetrical composition combined with the weakness of having to fall back upon a fiction to attain the end in view. To this extent criticism must be made, but with it arises the feeling of surprise that with little preparation and after years of subjection to adverse influences, so worthy a departure, so sound an originality of design and treatment could be attained. The date 1879 appears on the arched doorways of the forecourt. But they were a finishing touch added after years of conception and construction. Adcote, therefore, represents the point which Mr. Norman Shaw had reached almost forty years ago, or ten years earlier than the date of the publication of Mr. Stevenson's book from which we

have quoted the same general ideas.

The estate of which Adcote is now the great house was then only a set of farms of which Adcote formed one. It was not, and had never been, a residential property, and haphazard additions to another farmhouse had sufficed for the accommodation of the owners during short visits. When they decided to make it their principal seat, everything had to be made anew and a site settled upon. On high ground with lines of protecting

trees to north and east, the square brick farmhouse of Adcote looked down on to a magnificent panorama to south and west, which included, in the dim distance, the fascinating outline of the Breidden Hills—a detached mountain range in miniature. This decided the matter. Adcote was to be a farm no longer but a great house. The local red sandstone, to be found so largely in Shropshire and Cheshire, was the chief old-time building material in this part of England, but its replacement by a smooth-textured, ugly-coloured, machine-made brick has been one of the causes of the degradation of modern architecture in these counties. Mr. Norman Shaw, the apostle of tradition, strongly urged a reversion to ancient methods, and stone of fine quality and delightful colour was found within half a mile of the site and on



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THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE TERRACE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the same level, so that light rails and trucks were available for easy transit. There is no dull uniformity of tone about the stone; it alternates from light red to a dull yellow and produces an entirely pleasant, mellow effect with abundant variety of harmonious colour notes. It is used throughout for the house and its outliers—offices, stables, forecourt and kitchen garden walls—brick of good hand-made quality and grain appearing in the chimney-shafts and harmonising with the red tile roof. Nor do we finish with the stone when we cross the threshold, for the structural material crops up in the interior, for the walls, steps and balustrade of the entrance hall, for the walls and hooded chimney-piece of the great hall, for the entire structure of the main stairway, for the arched ingle of the dining-room.

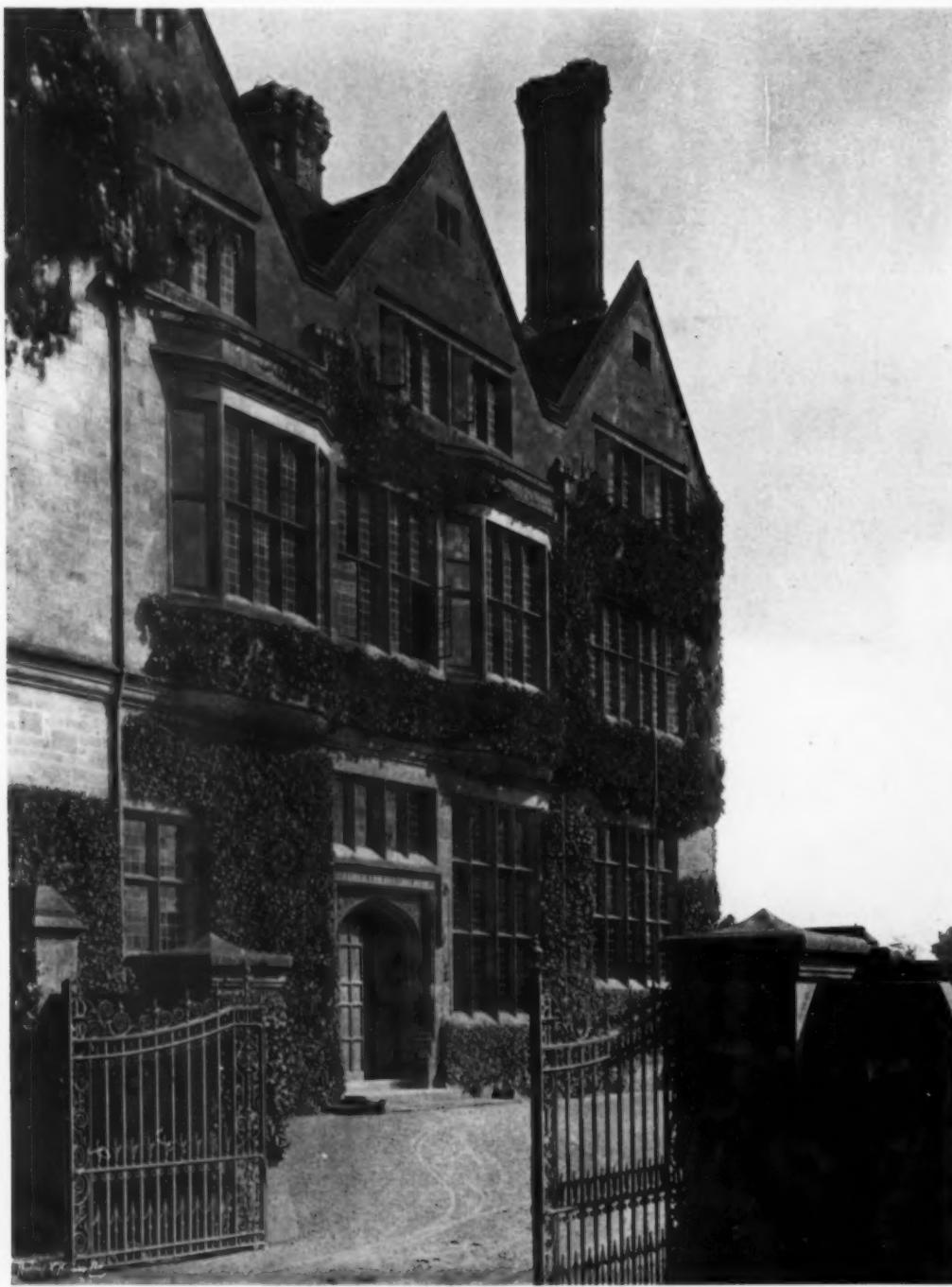
From north and west, the carriage-ways enter the forecourt, the south side of which is separated from the garden by a high wall with an arched doorway. The front door is in the middle



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THE STABLES.

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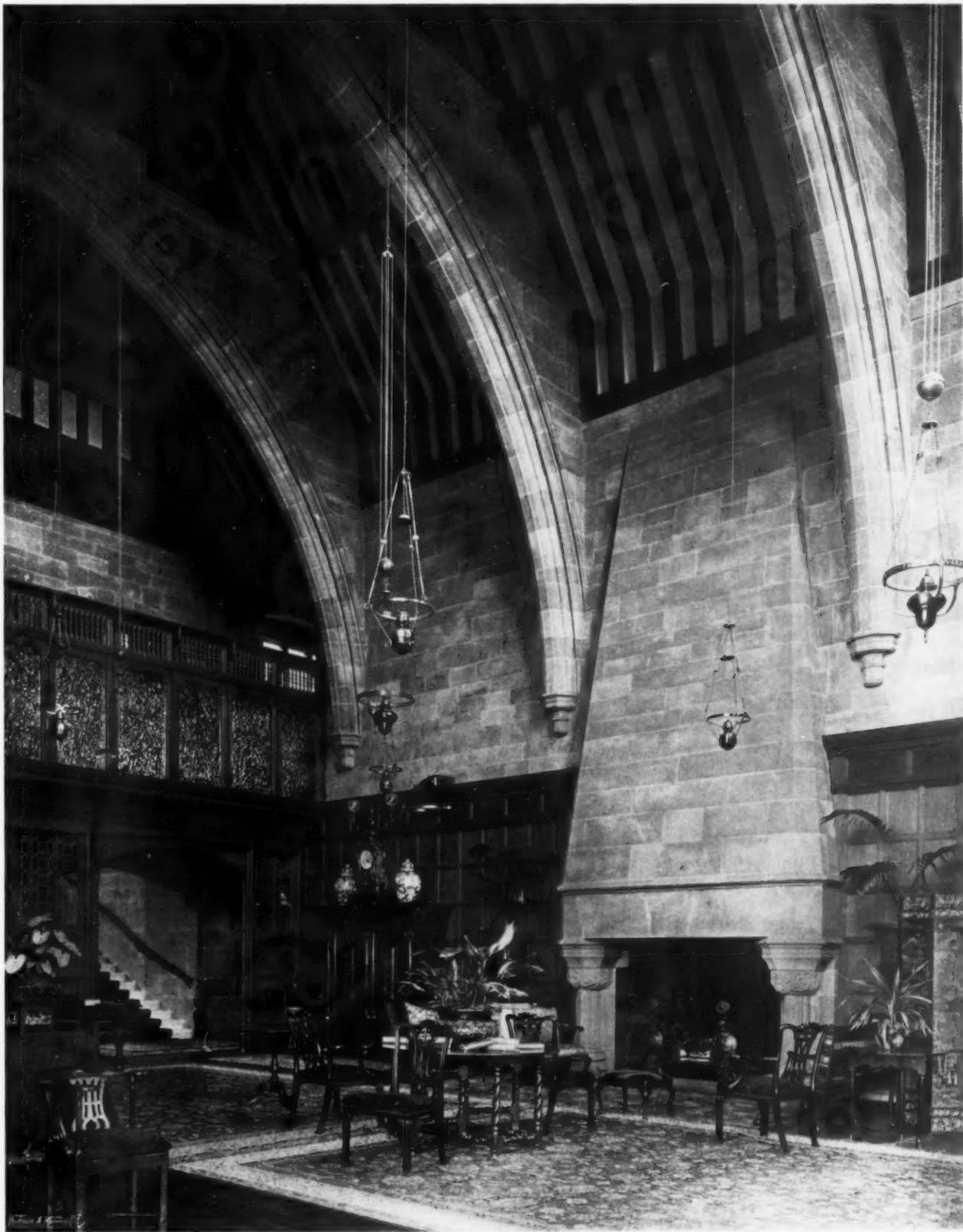
ENTRANCE TO THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the west front of the house—the middle more or less, for the daring inroads on symmetry which this elevation offers deserve notice. It is a comparatively narrow building, standing well forward from the long south to north line of the house which begins with the great hall and ends with the office wing. To the west front balance is given by the great chimney-shafts at each end of its roof and by the three gables which break that roof and each of which has a six-light mullioned window. But below that, perfect uniformity did not suit Mr. Norman Shaw's scheme for distributing and lighting his rooms, and he did not hesitate to discard it. Thus the doorway forms the centre of a subsidiary composition which does not tally with the three gables above and yet has no shame-facedness or nervousness at this act of independence. It displays its features boldly. The upper portion has a continuous line of fenestration consisting of a central window flush with the face of the building and flanked by two great bays boldly corbelled out from the string-course. The scheme is eminently satisfactory in its effect. It strikes a strong note of individuality. It reflects the particular needs of an interior arranged for the comfort and convenience of those who were to make it their life-long home. And yet the sensitive taste of the designer has introduced just enough balance to obviate any feeling of awkwardness and eccentricity. Had the house been designed in a full Palladian spirit, or even in that of the more classic of the Elizabethans, this disposition of the west front would have been impossible; but it falls in perfectly with the conception of designing a building that should give the idea of having been erected and added to at different architectural periods. Some may

criticise and even object to the conception, but all must admit that it has been realised in most masterly fashion. There is some contrast of styles, but there is an easy and pleasant transition between features inspired from the Middle Ages and those suggested by the Renaissance. The former are more especially present in the great hall. Yet, even here, Mr. Shaw has allowed himself full freedom from antiquarian trammels. A great open-roofed and galleried room may well fall in with

It is entered from screens but not direct from a porch. It has a minstrel gallery, but that serves as portion of the main connecting corridors of the bedroom floor. It has an open roof and a hooded fireplace, but it is lit at one end and not at the sides except where the great oriel is contrived to obtain the western view. That window is of Elizabethan proportions and section and such as we may find at Kirby or at Danny. The south windows, as they appear in the Diploma



EAST SIDE OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the habits of to-day, but not so the disposition of it which had suited our forefathers. That it should occupy the whole centre of the house, be lit at both sides and divide the house into two distinct parts, is inconvenient to the normal service arrangements of a modern house. A reference to the plan will show that the Adcote hall merely uses mediæval forms and notions to the extent that they suit the desired disposition.

drawing, had Gothic tracery. But when it came to erection, Mr. Shaw gave them also an Elizabethan character, reserving Gothic forms more especially for his roof, of which the most noticeable feature is the set of great stone arches. These were inspired by the fourteenth century hall at Ightham Mote, which Mr. Shaw was altering and renovating at the same period that he was designing Adcote. Thus the Adcote hall adheres



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THE HALL DOOR TO THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to no particular former period or distinct style. It is an outcome of Mr. Shaw's deep study and full mastery of our national architecture in its varying phases. It therefore belongs to the day in which and for which he built it, and it is redolent of his personality. Such an attempt is beset with dangers and difficulty which too often lead to dismal failure and produce a result which offends both the antiquarian and the aesthetic sense. He who can steer his course safely past rock and whirlpool is the master. It is he who makes the architecture of his age. Such a position is very generally allowed to Mr. Norman Shaw, and the Adcote hall is one of the achievements on which his reputation rests. Certainly it is open to criticism in several points. It may not be agreeable and sympathetic to every nature. But to no one possessed of any catholicity of taste or breadth of appreciation can it fail to give pleasure, or to appear as a work of quite outstanding merit, while by many its first sight is greeted with real admiration. As a matter of proportion, it is short for its great width and height. The size was made to fit in with the client's

is here an uncomfortable re-duplication of definite and prominent features that destroy each other's value. It belongs to the time when the old ingle was desired for its effect yet objected to for its inconvenience. But the plan of treating it as a sham and building complete and independent hearth and flue within it is an inadmissible compromise between past and present. It is one of those errors into which pioneers must occasionally fall; and let it be said that Mr. Shaw has cleverly broken his fall, and has produced an effect which, without being in the least convincing, has much that is agreeable. But it was an unfortunate step which he and other of his *confrères* took at that time, and it gave the cue to the manufacturers of designs for trade catalogues, where their inventions in this "line" still flourish. Since the building of Adcote and its cognate houses, such as Merrist Wood and Dawpool, Mr. Shaw has become much more of a Palladian. The house at the corner of Queen's Gate and Exhibition Road has a full post-Restoration flavour, while Chesters shows cousinship with a much later classic phase. In the impression left on us by the interior of Adcote, after studying its exterior, we may, perhaps, find one of the reasons for this tendency. The exterior



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THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

views of cost and convenience; the designer, no doubt, would have preferred to have added to the length. Again, the screen is somewhat trivial in its details, and would have been better had it impressed by its simplicity and mass, for the general impression of the hall, largely given by the severe proportions and grand lines of the roof arches and chimney hood, is one of dignified reserve. The stairway is also a very fine piece of design. Its general amplitude and ease of gradient do not belong, as do its materials and their form and treatment, to a mediaeval house; but again Mr. Shaw has been able to weld the lessons of the past with the needs of the present into a perfectly agreeable whole of which aptness and sincerity are the salient qualities. Of the many fine rooms which the house includes, both on the ground and first floors, the dining-room has been chosen for illustration. It is a large, well-lit, well-proportioned apartment, with oak wainscoting, a wrought plaster frieze and a noble fire-arch of stone lifted to the ceiling. But this should have been the chimney-piece and not a mere entrance to the shallow recess that holds it. There

is carried into the hall and stairway, but there it stops. Brought blindfold into any of the rooms, and judging from them, we should not be able to describe aright what manner of house Adcote was. That was inevitable. It was built at a time when English men and women did not enquire in what manner and material the walls of their rooms should be treated, but merely ordered papers which would be likely to please them. An unpapered room was hardly accepted by them as a room at all. Though this view still survives in many quarters, it is largely abandoned by architects and considerably by their clients. We recognise that there are types of houses where papered walls are fitting, and others where such treatment is entirely out of place. We are convinced that if the mediaeval or Early Renaissance spirit dominates exterior forms and details, it should be allowed the same pre-eminence within. If the feeling without leads us to expect the presence of structural features within, then their absence is a jar. We like whitewash in the cottage, simple wainscoting in the manor house, silk and gold in the palace. But even now the austerity of the mediaeval dwelling, shown in both the quantity and quality



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.

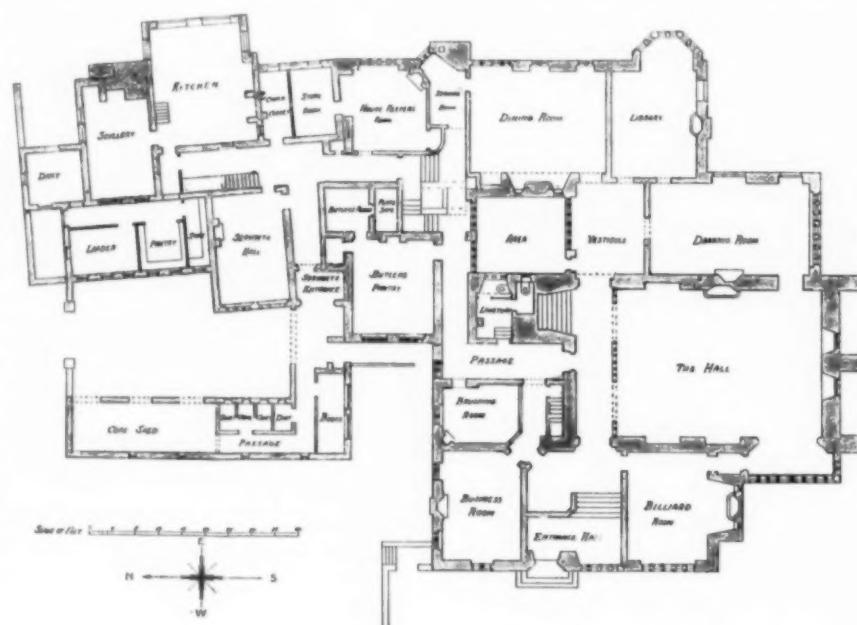
"COUNTRY LIFE."

of its decorations and furniture, has sparse devotees, and a treatment and setting of rooms more after the manner practised in the days of Queen Anne and the early Georges is preferred by most.

When Mr. Shaw was young such views as to the interior had no influence on the exterior. "So long as you give us the outside to play with and just consent to your grates and ceiling ornaments being cast in our Gothic patterns, you may have your rooms finished as you please," was the way the normal architect would have expressed himself. And there is a suspicion of this spirit lingering at Adcote. If Mr. Shaw had been able and anxious to give to the whole interior the same somewhat severe and early flavour that we discover outside, this would probably not have suited his clients' views, nor the furniture and other possessions which they wished to have about them. In their general get-up most of the Adcote rooms are reminiscent of the eighteenth century,

and so, in character and in number, are the fine objects they contain. It may be supposed that Mr. Shaw recognised that this would occur in the vast majority of cases, and that taking this as a guiding factor he has grown to make his

exteriors in full harmony with what the interiors were almost certain to be. It is surely a good rule that the many who like the general feeling of the mode of life and taste in decorative art that prevailed in the eighteenth century should, when building, choose the sash for their windows, and that only those few whose sympathies are cast in an earlier mould should insist on the mullion. The fixing of this one determining feature will then guide the designer in his whole scheme, and produce a more complete and consistent result. It is the real excellence of Adcote, not merely in parts, but in its entirety — an excellence made all the more remarkable by the date of its inception — that inclines us to remark on any slight points which fall in any measure below the high plane of excellence to which the first glimpse of it at once raises us. A reference to the plan will show on what thoroughly convenient lines it is arranged. A study of the views will convince that the house is the work of a real and original artist who has bestowed on it all his care and affection. It is a home which it is delightful to live in, a possession of which anyone may be most justly proud.



THE GROUND PLAN.

HISTORIC HUNTS: THE PYTCHELEY.

A PYTCHELEY Wednesday is worth a week of one's life," once declared an enthusiast. He had enjoyed all the glories that so often follow a meet at Lilbourne or North Kilworth, had experienced the delight of riding over the Crick and Yelvertoft undulations, had observed the keenness and dash of the hounds and the genius—surely that is the right word—of their huntsman. Truly, all hunting is good, but a Wednesday with the Pytchley is a thing to be remembered. A drawback is that the day must pay the inevitable penalty of its fame and popularity. In other words, the fields are often too large for the comfort of hounds and huntsman at a time when scent serves fitfully. If scent is in their favour, then the hounds can defy the wildest spirits among their followers, and the crowd is soon scattered with a tail a mile long.

Do not imagine, however, that the reputation of the Pytchley Wednesday has been won in our time. Right back in the days of the celebrated Dick Knight we can picture the Westmorlands, and the Althorps, and the Knightleys, and the Jerseys of that era hacking to the Wednesday country with just as pleasant expectations of tip-top sport as those moderns do who motor from Rugby, Northampton, Harborough or Weedon. In sounding Anstruther Thomson on the possibility of that sportsman forsaking Fife-shire for the good of Northamptonshire, Whyte-Melville did not forget to remind his countryman of the disadvantage of the big field on Wednesdays. Yet the poet-sportsman hastened to add that the crowd really did not do half the harm it appeared to do! "I think," he continued, "you would enjoy the riding over these grass fields as much as the hunting in the deep woodlands on the Kettering side." And the bait was much too attractive to be resisted by a prince of fox-hunters; Anstruther Thomson did not take long to make up his mind, and came South to add a notable chapter to hunting history.

Few Hunts have been more fortunate in their Masters. One looks through the list of leaders of a century and a-half, to find such names as John Warde, Bellingham Graham, John Musters, Osbaldeston, "Tom" Smith, George Payne, Lord Chesterfield and Anstruther Thomson. Then at a later date we come to three fine sportsmen—Earl Spencer, the late Sir Herbert Langham and Mr. W. M. Wroughton—and so, as Pepys would have said, to Lord Annaly.

The leader of the Pytchley must needs be a man who can hold his own across country with the best. It will be agreed that Lord Annaly fills that description to the letter. A thorough workman in the saddle, he is quite appropriately always to be found in front. Who is usually along with him? Ah! there one opens out a treacherous field of invidious distinctions and comparisons. For be it remembered the Pytchley people, or a pretty large section of them, "compete" as keenly as ever they did, and there is not a great deal to choose between the best. Just two men may, perhaps, be singled out as being in a class by themselves. Both are polo players, one a genuine champion

at that game, and the other as yet a budding champion. I refer to Mr. P. W. Nickalls and Lord Dalmeny. Anyone who set out to cut down the lengthy, stern-faced "Pat" will find him as difficult to beat as he is to ride off the ball in polo. His reputation was gained when Lord Dalmeny was hunting mainly in the Vale of Aylesbury; but the latter made a meteoric spring to the front in the more classic Pytchley field, and looks like holding his place.

Of the older school of Pytchley followers, few go better than Captain Pennell Elmhirst. If you saw him holding his own with the youngsters in a quick forty minutes over Northamptonshire grass and fences, you would find it difficult to believe that his age is si—; but, there, we will not labour that point. It is



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ADCOTE: THE ORIEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

good enough for us to know that our "Brooksy" is a wonderful veteran. Long may he ride to the front. Another of the senior school who still goes well and has a fine eye for a country—is not that often the secret of success in riding to hounds?—is Mr. W. M. Wroughton, whose eight seasons in the Mastership of the pack are pleasantly recalled, together with his more recent period in the command of the Woodland Pytchley.

Sir Herbert Langham, who passed away on December 13th, to the deep regret of all Northamptonshire, was one of the most successful of Pytchley M.F.H.'s. Everything was well done under his control. Just think of the excellence of his staff—Will Goodall as huntsman and Charles and John Isaac as whippers-in. Did any kennel rejoice in the possession of a better-balanced trio? Goodall, at least, was a great and popular

huntsman, and there was much sorrow in the Pytchley country when he was suddenly cut down in the prime of life. Goodall loved his hounds, in kennel and out. Never would he disappoint them if he could help it, and when it was necessary to stop them off the line of their fox at the end of the day he would jump off his horse and caress and make much of his favourites, as though to say to them, "Forgive me, old friends, it grieves me to spoil your fun."

Goodall, like all the Pytchley huntsmen, used to complain of the over-riding of the thrusting brigade. Once the ever-lamented Captain "Bay" Middleton jumped nearly on top of one of the best hounds in the pack. "Get away, you beggar," said Captain Middleton rather testily; "these bounds are always in the way!" "Gently, captain, gently," urged Goodall as they cleared a fence together; "that 'beggar' is Prompter, our swagger hound that won the champion cup at Peterborough; he's worth a hundred pounds."

A famous fox-hunter who still delights to ride out with the hounds he hunted for many years, Earl Spencer is regarded with affection throughout the Hunt. And who can wonder? For the Hunt never had a better friend, nor a Master who was more considerate and equably tempered. The language of an M.F.H. in times of stress is privileged, and the follower who complains that he has not come out to be d—d is apt to be told to "go home and be d—d." Lord Spencer, however, seldom, if ever, swerved from strict old-world courtesy in his rebukes to bad offenders. Biting his remonstrance may have been, but never in words other than might be repeated at the dinner-table. "When he does say anything," said a repentant delinquent, "he does it in such a nice way." Once he was about to jump an awkward fence into a road, Captain Riddell having just given him a lead, when an unmannerly boor thrust himself in front and unseated Lord Spencer. "I am much obliged to you, sir," said the Master, icily, "upon my word I am. Did you come far to do this?" Captain Riddell, by the way, can still give points to most of the younger division.

Perhaps I may be allowed to return now to the subject of "top-hole" performers with the Pytchley to-day. Mr. Parker of the Northamptonshire Regiment, Messrs. J. L. and H. P. Cross, Sir Charles Lowther and his brother, Mr. J. G. Lowther of the 11th Hussars, Mr. Harold Lowther (one of the best welter-weights of the day), Captain C. C. de Crespigny of the 2nd Life Guards (like his father as hard as nails), Mr. M. ("Bobby") Nickalls (another of the famous polo-playing brothers), Mr. Ambrose Clark (from the other side of the Atlantic), the Hon. Ivor Guest (always beautifully mounted) and Mr. S. K. Gwyer are all first-fighters. Mr. Gwyer properly belongs to Warwickshire, but he hunted once a week with the Pytchley last season, and is now going to reside in the country. The soldiers from Weedon are always prominent with the Pytchley, and none has gone in better style for two seasons past than Mr. Alexander and Mr. Bailward of the 19th Hussars. They have now gone with their regiment to Aldershot. No doubt Pytchley people will still see Mr. George Drummond riding to the front; certainly he went remarkably well last season, and Mr. A. J. Tweed of Brixworth has been consistently to the fore for some seasons past.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the number of members of the Hunt was limited to forty, and there would naturally be many contrasts between the field of that time and the crowds of to-day. None so remarkable, however, as the great increase in the number of ladies who hunt in Northamptonshire. And how splendidly some of them go! Take, for example, Mrs. Arthur Byass. Few people have seen more good sport with the pack than she, and still she holds her own. Her daughters, Mrs. Sidney Mason and Mrs. Douglas Courage, also ride well to hounds. Miss Dorothy Fenwick goes extremely well, and if I suggest that she is not very far behind her sister, Mrs. Cartwright, I should like it borne in mind that the last lady has the reputation of being about the best in England. However, Pytchley people do not see very much of Mrs. Cartwright now, and probably the finest horsemanship who rides regularly with the pack is Miss Naylor; indeed, one would have to look long for her equal in any country. The daughters of the Master, the Misses Lilah and Lucia White, follow their father, and see a great deal of the fun. Also prominent when hounds are running is Mrs. Patteson Nickalls, not a great way behind her husband, and a fine rider.

An important personage in the modern hunting-field is the secretary, and in a fashionable country like the Pytchley the office calls for important qualifications. A happy selection was made last year, when Mr. Charles Edward Frederick, the elder son and heir of Sir Charles Frederick, was appointed in succession to Captain Cecil Pelham. On the business side he is strong, and nobody is keener on hunting. They say, too, that he can write as well as ride.

Our trusty "Baily's Directory" tells us that the history of the Hunt traces back to about 1750, when an Earl Spencer began his family's long, practically indissoluble connection with the pack. Mr. John Warde was hunting the country at the dawn of the nineteenth century, and one can well believe that he had his

heart and soul in his work. Years afterwards he went to the Craven country, and at last thought he would have to give up Mastership on account of the strain on his income; but the sum of £1,000 was anonymously paid in to his account at the bank with the request that he would go on with the hounds. Afterwards it was learnt that Mrs. Warde was the donor. "Fancy John without his hounds," she said; "why, he wouldn't be happy a day."

Mr. John Musters, the accomplished rival of Byron for the hand of Miss Mary Chaworth, had the pack for six seasons, and he is said to have been one of the greatest huntsmen the world has known. One of his most notable achievements seems to have been to take a rough pack, which would hunt anything "from a hedgehog to a haystack," from Nottinghamshire to Northamptonshire, where he converted them into one of the steadiest and smartest packs in the kingdom. Readers have possibly seen Alken's picture of the hound which affectionately jumped upon the quarters of Mr. Musters's horse, endeavouring to lick the Master's face—an instance of how his hounds loved him. "Nimrod" said that Mr. Musters was so complete a master of all athletic sports that at one time of his life he would have leaped, hopped, ridden, fought, danced, swam, shot, fenced, played cricket or tennis and skated against any man in England.

Next came the "Squire." Osbaldeston, of course, I mean. He was another great all-round sportsman, with qualifications scarcely less varied than those of his predecessor. He was, in fact, in the heyday of his career described as "the best sportsman of any age or country." Many an interesting page has been written around Osbaldeston's sporting performances, and it has been remarked of him that he was seldom contented unless he was doing something to prove his superiority over other men. Perhaps that was why he hunted the Newmarket and Thurlow country simultaneously with the Pytchley. I have often wondered why a man should have been anxious to hunt a comparatively unattractive country, hacking backwards and forwards a distance of sixty miles after his day's sport, when he had all Northamptonshire at his disposal. But Osbaldeston, doubtless, saw glory in the feat, and gloried in it.

In two separate periods Mr. George Payne filled the Mastership of the pack; a fine type of English gentleman, a delightful companion and the truest of sportsmen. His was a brilliant record, even overshadowing the princely Mastership of the Earl of Chesterfield and the scientific hunting of Mr. "Tom" Smith, whose methods may have been a little too persevering for the hot-headed riding division. After Mr. Payne's retirement came several comparatively brief terms of Mastership until Earl Spencer first took the pack. This was in 1861, and he continued in the command three seasons, returning to the post for four years in 1878 and for another period of the same length in 1890. Following him on the first occasion was Colonel Anstruther Thomson, who was brilliantly successful during his five seasons. The fame of the Waterloo run on February 2nd, 1866, still endures, and it can never lose its place as one of the most remarkable runs in hunting history.

Colonel Thomson always maintained that it was the best run he ever saw, and over the finest country and longest distances straight. There was one ploughed field between Waterloo and Kelmarsh, and another next the railway, behind Bowden Inn. A wheat-field and some plough lay together near Cranoe; but with these exceptions hounds were never off grass up to the earth at Keythorpe—twenty-one miles in one hour and fifty minutes. The total time was three hours and forty-five minutes, but after a lengthy check at the Windmill at Medbourne it became slower hunting, until at 5.30 hounds were stopped near Slawston owing to darkness coming on. Colonel Thomson rode five horses during the hunt, and in company with Captain Clerk, the only man who went through on one horse, took hounds to kennels, about eighteen miles distant, arriving there at ten o'clock. After taking dinner, he went on to the Harborough Hunt Ball at 12.30. And there was a big cheer for the redoubtable fox-hunter when he entered the ballroom, the news of the great run having already spread throughout Northamptonshire. This hunt showed how indomitable he was across country, despite his big weight, and probably—though the point is debated—Whyte-Melville had his old friend in mind when he wrote:

With the hounds running hardest, he's safest to go,
And he's always in front, and he's often alone,
A rider unequalled, a sportsman complete,
A rum'un to follow—a bad'un to beat.

The Pytchley have generally been fortunate in their huntsmen, whether amateur or professional. Dick Knight was probably the first to make the Hunt really famous, so that at once it began to challenge comparison with the Quorn and Cottesmore. Indeed, some jealousy arose between the riding brigades of the respective Hunts. Mounted on his best horse, Contract, Dick Knight delighted in attempting to show "those d—d Quornites a trick." Knight, a rare favourite with his Master and his field, was not exactly a respecter of persons. "Come on, my lord," he shouted one day as Lord Spencer drew up irresolute before

an extra big fence, "Come on, for the longer you look at it the less you'll like it!"

At a later date Charles King won great renown in the Pytchley country, while about the middle of last century Charles Payne was the outstanding figure. "It was a great comfort to have such a huntsman to lean upon," the present Lord Spencer has said. His connection with the Hunt came to an end after Colonel Anstruther Thomson's first season in the Mastership, for there was really not room for two such characters in the same country. An historian has remarked that Payne in his best days used to slip over his favourite Crick and Stanford country so quickly that half the field seldom knew when hounds were really running, when he was casting them, or when he was going for a point to pick up his hunted fox or start a new one.

A year or two ago Captain Pennell Elmhirst declared that Payne's quickness and method had never been rivalled; but one wonders whether the old huntsman could have given points to Frank Freeman, whose successes surely entitle him to comparison with Knight, King, Musters, Payne, Thomson, Goodall,

or any other Pytchley huntsman of the past. On coming to Northamptonshire from the Bedale country in 1906, Freeman soon began to electrify his followers. He killed no fewer than one hundred and three brace of foxes in his first season; and though the number of slain is no criterion of good fox-hunting, "Brooksbys" paid a handsome tribute to the sport. "I can fearlessly assert," he wrote, "that we have seen more foxes fairly worked to death, often after long runs and brilliant gallops, than most of us can remember in any previous winter." And Freeman's success has been steadily maintained. Cottesmore people had a taste of his pace and cleverness on the occasion of the Pytchley's visit to Lord Lonsdale's country last season.

So we find that the reputation of the Pytchley never stood higher than under Lord Annaly and Freeman, and the poet may still sing of these hounds:

There are signs of distress; there is sobbing and sighing;
There is crashing of timber, and plying of steel;
But still o'er the pastures the sirens keep flying;
Crescendo the pace, for they're running to kill!

ARTHUR W. COATEN.

TRACKING IN THE SNOW.

HOW often one hears the remark at the breakfast-table, "Been snowing, has it? Then I shan't go out; I shall stop and warm my toes by the fire, for there will be nothing to do, and less to see!" Actually, however, to anyone at all interested in birds and animals a snow-storm is the most welcome of winter weather. The white mantle that covers the country-side also reveals the presence of scores of creatures which would otherwise be unsuspected, for in a short time a network of footsteps is upon the yielding substance. When the snow is soft every creature, from a mouse or sparrow up to a fox or dog, leaves behind it a clearly-written record of its doings that can be easily read by anyone who has a knowledge of natural history.

Here, on the warmest side of the covert fence, is the track of some bird. It is not unlike that of the barn-door fowl; but really it is that of the stately pheasant, who, under the hedge-side, has been scratching for the keeper's food. Accompanying it in places are queer little footprints with a straight mark between; this is where the rat, having discovered the corn, has passed from place to place,

balancing itself between its leaps with its long tail. Beyond are a lot of complicated tracks, the first of which is a rabbits' "run" or pathway, which has been well used, for the snow is much trodden down. Across this "run" a pheasant has passed, while a later footprint, for it is on the top of the others, has a doglike appearance. This latter is the spoor of a fox, who has walked slowly, probably in order to smell the trail left by the other creatures. In the photograph the fox's track is shown near the bottom of the picture, while the rabbits have crossed from left to right. A fox's track can always be distinguished from a dog's by the small, long foot, and the accuracy with which the hind foot is placed on the exact spot that the fore foot occupied. A little thought will show why this is. A fox when stalking its prey studies the ground in front, and places its foot on clear spots, where it will make no noise and cause no rustle of leaves or cracking of twigs. I believe this applies to all animals which earn their living by stalking their prey. The domestic cat is a very good example, while the dog, which never stalks, and is noisy when hunting, makes no attempt to place one foot in the track of the other.



Miss F. Pitt. MINGLED TRACKS OF FOX, RABBIT AND PHEASANT. Copyright.



Miss F. Pitt. Copyright.
A MOORHEN'S FOOTPRINTS.

surface; the snow told plainly how the fox had crouched, sprung, killed its prey, played with it, rolled on the body, as a dog will do, and finally gone untouched. The mole is seldom, or never, eaten by any of the flesh-devouring animals and birds; whether it tastes bitter, or the smell is objectionable, or both, I do not know. Puzzling tracks are left by the stoat and weasel. These, however, are seldom seen, considering how common the former is; perhaps they have the intense dislike of snow shared by many other creatures; at any rate, they remain in the hedge bottoms and seldom venture on to the open snow. Many creatures are terrified the first time they see snow, and when forced to go forth try to bound over it and so touch the strange substance as seldom as possible. I have measured a rabbit's

leaps; they were seven feet from the front foot of one print to the hind foot of the next. Fowls will stay in their houses for days at a time unless driven out, not even want of food inducing them to move. A squirrel's trail is hard to distinguish from a rat's, but the feet are larger and there is no tail mark. This little animal ventures on to the ground more often than might be supposed, for with food getting scarce it will run across the snow from tree to tree, searching under the leaves in the bare spots for acorns it has hidden earlier in the year.

A mark often seen on the snow is that left by the wings of birds beating it as they take flight. By the side of a stream many interesting things may be seen, from the long-toed track of a moorhen to the broad trail of the otter, left on some snow-covered stone. If a brook is

unfished, the presence of otters, owing to the fact that they are night creatures, will never be suspected unless there is some person who notices the tracks on the soft sand and in the snow. Another animal which will reveal its presence by its tracks, though not in the snow, for during the winter it is curled up and sleeping soundly, is the badger. The most difficult tracks to record by means of photography are those of mice and small birds. These are very faint, for even in the softest snow the little light things do not sink in, so that it is hard work to get them to show in a photograph at all. But to go back to the inhabitants of the banks of streams and ponds, the trail of the sweet little water-vole—or, as it is more commonly called, the water-rat, though to the latter title it has no right whatever, being no relation to the rats, but belonging to the true voles—may be observed. The water-vole will sit under some sheltering stump or overhanging branch, nibbling fine rootlets, etc.; but if forced out across the snow, it leaves a trail not unlike that of the ordinary rat, but without such a big tail mark.

Then there is the wild duck, whose footprints are a smaller edition of its domesticated relative and may be often traced on the rushy margins when the birds themselves are quite invisible. To the beginner, a most puzzling mark is that of a long-toed bird, with little holes drilled through the snow into the soft mud beneath, that is, until the woodcock is thought of, when the mystery is explained. Of course, snow-tracking is the very easiest of all forms of trail-following, though soft mud is nearly as good; but the real test of one's

powers is in the summer, when everything is dry and deductions have to be made from the slightest signs. But when all is said and done, no white person can in any way equal the work of the natives of Australia (that is to say, if all one reads and hears is correct), who appear to Europeans to be possessed of magical powers of observation. By the by, the word "observation" sums up nearly all there is to be said concerning tracking, for success in following the spoor of animals depends entirely on keen observation. One method of securing records of the tracks of domestic animals is to damp the feet of the dog, cat, or whatever the creature is, and then induce it to walk across some soot or mud and over a clean white sheet of paper. The result is a beautiful impression of the feet, and if the soot seems likely to rub off the "sketch" can



Miss F. Pitt. Copyright.
WHERE A FOX HAS TROTTED.



Miss F. Pitt. Copyright.
TRACK LEFT BY A RABBIT.

be fixed with fixative used for crayon drawings. These records are very useful for comparison with "wild" tracks, when identification is uncertain. A warning, though—the cat will not approve of this way of doing things, and is more likely to leave "tracks" in the shape of scratches on the operator's hands! FRANCES PITTS.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

WILD WHITE CLOVER.

In the current number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture, Professor Gilchrist of Armstrong College, Newcastle, has an instructive article on trials at Cockle Park, Northumberland, with wild white clover.

He sketches the history of both white and red clover in England, and, from the evidence of old agricultural writers compared with present-day experience, draws the conclusion "that the longer these clovers have been cultivated from their original natural condition, the more they have developed 'early maturity' and greater vigour in their earlier stages; but, at the same time, they have gradually lost their hardiness and perennial character." He describes the marvellous results obtained at Cockle Park from the introduction of wild white clover into seedling mixtures in place of ordinary commercial white, and shows that whereas ordinary white (and other clovers as well) sown in 1907 disappeared after the first year, the wild variety at the end of the third year presented a mass of herbage as thick and close as in the first year. From this and other experiments begun in 1908 and the spring of 1909, he concludes that the inclusion of wild white clover in a seedling for laying down land to hay or pasture, especially on strong clay soils, will produce a sward almost immediately, and will, to a large extent, bridge over the interval which hitherto has always intervened between the going out of the "artificial" clovers and grasses and the coming in of those natural to the soil. I have seen the various experimental clover plots at Cockle Park frequently since they were laid down, and have followed their behaviour with much interest, and I see no reason as yet to modify the opinion I formed in the summer of last year, which was that the use of wild clover—whether white or red—will enable many arable farmers to surmount difficulties which hitherto have proved insurmountable. In the laying away of arable to grass, the problem in past years has been how to deal with the young pasture between the second or third year and the eighth or ninth. During this interval the land has usually been almost valueless, because the plants produced by the seeds sown at the laying away, particularly the clovers and the fine grasses, had largely died out, and the grasses natural to the district had not yet filled in.

This interregnum frequently extended to ten and even twenty years, and while it lasted the fields were not yielding even the rent, not to speak of profit. So far as can be judged, the use of wild white clover, or wild red where that is the plant indigenous to the soil, will do away with this lean period altogether, and will not only secure profitable grazing right from the beginning, but will enable the pasture to become "established" practically



Miss F. Pitt.

Copyright.

THE TRAIL OF A PHEASANT.

at once, because of the immediate and continuous support which the true perennial clover freely gives to the grasses, by passing on to them a portion of the nitrogen which it has collected from the atmosphere. Nothing is more marked in these trials at Cockle Park than the very vigorous growth of cocksfoot on the plots where the clover is flourishing, as compared with that on the plots where the ordinary clover has died out. But it is not, I think, in the conversion of arable to pasture that the most important sphere for the use of wild clover will be found, for we all hope, and we have ground for doing so, that the day for this process has gone by. We are looking now to the gradual breaking up of some of the acreage which was sown away, or more frequently "let lie," in the dark days of the eighties and early nineties. Much of this land is unsuitable for cultivating in a regular four or five course shill, but it may be profitably worked on a rotation which includes a five, six or seven years' grazing period. To make this grazing profitable, and to provide a supply of nitrogen for subsequent grain and root crops, it is absolutely necessary to have clover which will grow vigorously during the whole period. Under the old conditions this was impossible, for the clovers, as already stated, mostly died out after the first or second season of growth, and the grasses also disappeared. But with wild clover it is not only possible but comparatively easy to accomplish, and it is in this direction principally that I expect wild clover to prove itself to be the "long-felt want." At the same time, it is to be noted that an abundant growth of leguminous herbage is produced even in the first year, and the plant is, therefore, likely to be useful, even when the "seeds" are to lie for only one or two years before being ploughed out.

J. C.

LONDON'S CHRISTMAS MARKETS.

At a meeting in the City a few days ago, called to protest against the continued exclusion of live cattle from the Argentine, the chairman stated that the stock of that country was better than any that could be bred in England! This assertion, however manifestly absurd, would be readily believed by Londoners, in spite of the minutes' journey by tube, was to be seen assembled at Islington Market (to say nothing of the Smithfield Club Show) as fine a collection of fat cattle as the world could produce. Nearly three thousand head were assembled in the great enclosure, now less than half filled, but where three times that number could once be found in the days when London bought British beef and was not content with the frozen and chilled product of America and Argentina. For these times, however, it was a good supply, and the quality of the Aberdeens and Devons was superb. Handsome prices were given for many of these animals, and all were sold very well indeed. My point in this paragraph is that while this was going on there was a glut of foreign beef in the Central Market, and prices were lower than for weeks past, showing that the Christmas beef of old England still holds its own. It would always do so if only our graziers would turn out as well finished animals the year round. We could always beat the importer if we did not restrict our best efforts to providing for the annual festival. It is not only at Christmas that England appreciates prime beef.

A. T. M.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SO little, comparatively, has been written of "the Father of the English Novel" that consideration will readily be extended to Miss G. M. Godden's *Henry Fielding: A Memoir*, including newly-discovered letters and records, with illustrations from contemporary prints (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Limited). Its value resides in the addition of new material since the publication of Austin Dobson's classical work. We shall look at this in detail presently, but the general effect is to disabuse the mind of some of the notions held by the past generation. "Wine-stained Harry Fielding" exists in the minds of many only as a clever but dissolute person, who scattered his means on gay flunkies and yellow-painted coaches, went into raptures with his cook, reeked of tobacco and dwelt in the sordid purleus of Bohemia. The exercise of a little common-sense would have shown the absurdity of this view. It could only be held by those superficial people who think that style is a gift which comes with birth, and attribute the success of the hardest work to luck. Let them but think of the resolute labour and deep thought exercised not only for an hour or a week or a month, but continuously over years, that must have gone to the making of "Tom Jones," and they will see that here must be

an artist of the most serious aims, of unshaken resolution, of unwearyed endurance. Like other men of great vitality, Fielding was gay and bright. No man enjoyed life more than he, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said. Miss Godden's researches help to confirm the view that Fielding was a strenuous worker, with a natural flow of spirits that may have led him time and again into excess, but make it clear that he was far from being the rake which he has been described. Let us look at the new facts in detail. We are told in the preface that

the new material includes records of Fielding's childhood; documents concerning his estate in Dorsetshire; the date and place, hitherto undiscovered, of that central event in his life, the death of his beloved wife, whose memorial was to be the imperishable figure of "Sophia Western"; letters, now first published, adding to our knowledge of his energies in social and legislative reform, and of the circumstances of his life; many extracts from the daily Press of the period; notices, hitherto overlooked, from his contemporaries; and details from the unexplored archives of the Middlesex Records concerning his strenuous work as a London magistrate. The few letters by Fielding already known to exist have been doubled in number; and a reason for the extraordinary rarity of these letters has been found in the unfortunate destruction, many years ago, of much of his correspondence.

The new gleanings about the childhood of Fielding are obtained from the record of a Chancery suit begun by Lady Gould, Fielding's grandmother, on behalf of her six grandchildren.

Miss Godden has unearthed one or two documents that give us an explanation of Fielding's youthful impecuniosity. His father, Edmund Fielding of East Stour, Dorsetshire, was of high birth, though not of the Hapsburgs, as Gibbon has said. He was a descendant of Sir John Fielding, who received a knighthood for bravery in the French wars in the fourteenth century. Edmund Fielding had gone into the army, as his name appears as an ensign in the 1st Foot Guards. He distinguished himself in the wars against France, and seems to have returned from his campaigns when Henry was a small child. Miss Godden has found a bill of complaint in which Edmund Fielding of East Stour, Dorsetshire, declares that he has been cheated at Princes Coffee-house in the Parish of St. James by a reputed Captain Robert Midford, who prevailed upon him to play a game called "Faro" for a small matter of diversion, but by degrees drew him on to play for larger sums, and by fraudulent and secret means obtained very large sums, in particular notes and bonds for £500.

Henry's mother died when he was very young, and his father's next adventure was to marry again, choosing for his bride this time, according to the legal documents, an Italian widow who already had several children of her own, and kept an eating-house in London. It was no wonder that the family were disturbed by this alliance; but what we are most concerned about is to see that Henry Fielding, deprived of both father and mother, was left to grow up pretty much as he liked. He was sent to Eton School, and whatever else he did it is certain that he acquired a very competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors. He apostrophises learning in "Tom Jones" thus: "Thee, in the favourite Fields, where the limpid gently rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early Youth I have worshipped. To thee at thy birchen Altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed my Blood." No doubt he received the whippings usual to the schoolboy of the period, but he also became "uncommonly versed in the Greek authors and an early master of the Latin classics." The next authentic glimpse of him that we obtain is as a gay young man of nineteen, who fell in love with a pretty cousin, Miss Sarah Andrew, and had all the arrangements made for eloping with her "on Sunday as she was on her way to church." His scheme was defeated by her guardian, "Andrew Tucker, Gent." The facts are not very fully given, but it is easy to imagine a youth of Fielding's type, gay, full-blooded and dare-devil, a beautiful heiress, and only such impediments as would make the blood of youth run hotter—and the consequences.

Miss Godden's next new point is the occasion of the actual marriage of Fielding to Charlotte Cradock. That his whole mind was not in the tavern and the green-room is proved by the fact that he found his wife at Salisbury. Nothing could be added to his own description of her as Sophia, a description that has made her a favourite character of fiction for the last two centuries. Of his wife we know little, except what may be told in "Amelia." The marriage took place in the little country church of St. Mary Charlcombe. The entry in the register runs: "Henry Fielding of ye Parish of St. James in Bath, Esq., and Charlotte Cradock of ye same Parish, spinster." As Sarah Fielding, the novelist's sister, was buried in the entrance to the church, it seems a fair inference that the Fieldings had some connection with the district. As Sophia Western was Miss Cradock, so Amelia was Mrs. Fielding. For some time the novelist had a very hard time providing for them, but the death of his mother-in-law brought relief. Miss Godden quotes the following particulars from the will, and they appear in print for the first time:

" . . . I Elizabeth Cradock of Salisbury in the County of Wilts . . . do make this my last will and testament. . . . Item I give to my daughter Catherine one shilling and all the rest and residue of my ready money plate jewels and estate whatsoever and wheresoever after my debts and funeral charges are fully paid and satisfied I give devise and bequeath the same to my dearly beloved daughter Charlott Fielding wife of Henry Fielding of East Stour in the County of Dorset Esq." Mrs. Cradock proceeds to revoke all former wills; and appoints her said daughter "Charlott Fielding" as sole executrix, being duly sworn to administer.

It is probable that after this occurrence Fielding gave up play-writing for a time, and went down to the "old stone farmhouse" in Dorsetshire. It was then that he launched out into the extravagance that has become almost a by-word. As Mr. Austin Dobson says: "There can be little doubt that the rafters of the old farm by Stour, with the great locust tree at the back, which is figured in Hutchins' *History of Dorset*, rang often to hunting choruses, and that not seldom the 'dusky Night' rode down the Sky' over the prostrate forms of Henry Fielding's guests."

Mrs. Fielding's death occurred very early in their married life. In the winter before "Joseph Andrews" appeared, he tells us that he was

laid up in the gout, with a favourite Child dying in one Bed, and my Wife in a condition very little better on another, attended with other Circumstances which served as very proper Decorations to such a Scene.

In the following February he seems to have lost a little girl named Charlotte Fielding, whose death is entered in the

register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Mrs. Fielding died at Bath in 1744, and her body was brought to London for burial at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The charges are still preserved in the sexton's book, and show that Fielding rendered his wife

such stately honours as were occasionally accorded to the members of the few great families interred in the old church.

We are glad to find that the conclusion of the authoress is that, although Fielding's married life had been troubled by care and penury, it was not unhappy. Lady Bute, a kinswoman of the great novelist, probably described the state of affairs correctly:

He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection; yet had no happy life for they were almost always miserably poor, and seldom in a state of quiet and safety. His elastic gaiety of spirit carried him through it all; but meanwhile care and anxiety were preying upon her more delicate mind, and undermining her constitution. She gradually declined, caught a fever, and died in his arms.

Miss Godden has performed excellent service in filling out and adding details to the rough outline of Fielding's life. The unfortunate thing about extracts from legal documents and registers is that they present facts in such a dry repellent manner. What was wanted was something to make the dry bones live. Wisely, in our opinion, Miss Godden has avoided going over the oft-trod path of literary criticism. If she had exercised a little more self-control and left out the hackneyed quotations from Gibbon, Byron, Coleridge and Sir Walter Scott she would have done better still.

The Jubilee of the "Cornhill."

IN its January number the *Cornhill Magazine* is celebrating its Jubilee, the first number having been published on January 1st, 1860. On this event the publishers deserve to be warmly congratulated. It shows that during a half-century marked by changing fashions and enormous developments in periodical literature they have kept alive and awake, not obstinately clinging to obsolete ideas, but adapting them, as occasion suggested, to fresh requirements. They have done this without bending a knee to Baal, without adopting unworthy devices for increasing circulation, and without truckling to vulgar tastes. The standards in 1910 are as high as they were in 1860, and that fact alone would lend attraction to the history of the enterprise. Magazines, like men, have their several individualities. Those of last century differed from each other as strikingly as did the individuals responsible for them. *Blackwood's*, *Macmillan's*, *Longman's*, the *Cornhill*, each strove after its own ideal of excellence, and as far as high aim went there was nothing to choose between those that survived and those that died on the field. "Well begun is half done," and the *Cornhill* had an advantageous start. Thackeray's popularity was at high-water mark, and Mr. George Smith grasped opportunity by the forelock when he conceived the notion of combining the monthly instalment of a great novel with an addition of other literature grave and gay. The young publisher was already noted for his resourcefulness and promptitude, and the plan conceived in September was carried out in January.

Thackeray's tenure of the editorship was not a long one, as he resigned in 1862. What his daughter calls "the straining and recurring cares" of the task were uncongenial to a mind accustomed to work at its own sweet will, and a man who towards the end of his life hated a task and did much of his finest writing in bar parlours. "Hurrah," he wrote to Sir Henry Thompson, "I have found your leg." He was referring to that bugbear of the editorial mind, a mislaid manuscript. And yet what a splendid editor he was! In the jubilee number is printed a fac-simile of a proof revised by him that will repay study by all who are engaged in literary work. There is genius in his reduction of a prolix finish to three lines of his own, and there is not a "cut" that fails to add to the merit of the text. We wonder what the author thought of it! Our own experience is that the best writers have generally the mind most open to correction, and that the poor writer is often most highly offended at any interference with the words as he has written them. In addition to his painstaking work, Thackeray created a great tradition. He impressed his manner and methods on Frederick Greenwood, who, in turn, handed them on, so that an aroma of Thackeray still lingers about the magazine like a scent of lavender in an old-world bedroom. And he drew good writers round him. Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Barrett Browning and Ruskin, Anthony Trollope and Charlotte Brontë, are the names of but a few. Even over them he had to exercise a mild but firm rule. The Mrs. Grundy of Victorian days was a most tyrannical old lady, and at her behest Thackeray had on one occasion at least to turn out Mrs. Barrett Browning. On the other hand, the public revolted against Ruskin's political economy, and he, too, had to be suppressed. To find out how dull a clever man can be is an experience that at first astonishes a new editor. After he left the editorial chair, Thackeray, up to the time of his death, set the note to the other contributors. His influence was not exhausted in the time of Leslie Stephen. The latter, though a great editor, had not either the creative imagination or the wide interest of the novelist. He, too, learned that in the editorial decalogue "Thou shall not shock a young lady" comes first, and the Victorians were almost equally sensitive to a light treatment of accepted creeds. As Mr. E. T. Cook sapiently observes, "The difficulty of steering a course between three respectable ladies on the one side, and the critical judgment unfettered by the conventions on the other, must always be amongst an editor's most annoying worries." Stephen felt obliged to reject Hardy's "The Return of the Native," but in recompense he had the pleasure of printing the early essays—most of those in "Virginibus Puerisque"—of R. L. S., and Henley's "In Hospital" and some chapters of Arnold's "Literature and Dogma." Even to such men as Thackeray and Leslie Stephen, James Payn was a worthy successor. He had a keen eye to humour in his own vein, and rejoiced in

the discovery of "Vice V. r. a." He maintained the character of the magazine as it was so punningly described by Father Prout in his inaugural Ode :

With Fudge or Blarney, or the Thames on fire
Treat not thy buyer,
But proffer good material :
A genuine Cereal,
Value for twelve pence, and not dear at twenty,
Such wit replenishes thy horn of plenty

THE LUBBER-FIEND.

Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire and Other Stories, by Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by Alice W. Woodward. (George Bell and Sons.) NO prettier story for children has been issued this season than Mrs. Ewing's. It hangs upon the old superstition that certain farmhouses were haunted by a kindly spirit who worked hard and took for recompense a bowl of cream and the privilege of sleeping by the kitchen fire. The superstition is alluded to by Milton, but has received its more vivid representation in Nicholson's fine poem, "The Brownie of Blednoch." The usual explanation is that the so-called fairies were in reality fugitives from religious persecution—in Scotland Covenanter—who kept themselves hidden by day and at night paid for their board by labour. Mrs. Ewing has not worked upon that explanation. Neither does she do more than play with the supernatural in the way Scott did when he wrote "Wandering Willie's Tale." Her story is a piece of life which wins our heart because of its humanity. It appears to be located in Northumberland, but some of the characters are Scotch. They are, at any rate, men and women who are made to live by her art. The old maids and their servants (each a character in his or her own way), the parson and the caustic lawyer are the best of company. And

the book is happy and cheerful. It will be a welcome present anywhere. The illustrations are pretty in themselves, and fit into the text as though they were made for it.

MR. BINYON'S NEW POEMS.

England and Other Poems, by Laurence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews.) IS Mr. Binyon beginning to feel middle aged? We do not mean in years but in thought. His verse seems to us of late to have lost its early fire. In soundness of workmanship, in taste, in technique, even in choice of theme, there is no change. We find it impossible to take up a poem, here and there, destroyed by glaring faults. Everything is almost perfect in its own way. Yet nothing arrests. There is no poem, no song that, on being read, immediately of its own merit assumes a place in that private anthology which, consciously or not, every lover of poetry makes. The piece which gives a name to the volume possesses everything except inspiration. It is a wholesome appeal to the British public not "to abdicate the steadfast spirit that made us great" and as is irreproachable in theme and sentiment as it is in versification. But such an appeal should be a stirring trumpet call; it should have the heartening effect of a brave leader's rallying cry, and this is exactly what we miss. The thing wants fire, energy, concentration. The two best pieces in the volume are "The Battle of Stamford Bridge" (an affecting tribute to Harold) and the poem called "A Lullaby" :

Sleep comes soft as water flows
Eyes close bind !
Gentle sleep that never grows
Old, indifferent, or unkind.
O, but sleep can never hold you
As my arms, my darling, fold you,
Fold you close ; fold you close.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

MATCH-MAKING.

Is it not the case that in the South of England, at all events, we have lost a great deal of the fun which golf matches used to give us, as a consequence of the habit into which all the Southern world has fallen of arranging its matches on the basis of the strokes which a handicap committee has awarded for the special purposes of stroke competitions? Certainly, I think we have. It used to be the best of sport in the old days to wrangle, before the match, as to the strokes which the one side would give and the other would take, the duel commencing by a demand for extravagant odds on the part of the weaker player, countered by an offer of absurdly small odds on the part of the stronger. Then, by mutual concessions, their proposals began to approach each other, until, finally, a settlement was arrived at, in which the pliancy of the two different natures in contest, and the greater generosity or self-satisfaction of the one, were big factors, and factors always interesting for the study of the golfing psychologist. Apart from the loss of interest, there is a loss in equity, too, for these official handicaps are not made for the purposes of the match at all. They are designed for scoring competition, and any proportion of the strokes allowed in score play which may be applied to match play achieves a measure of justice of such a very rough-and-ready sort that it deserves much rather to be called by another name. And shall we call it injustice—to use the phraseology of Aristotle? A player of the wild, hard-hitting order requires many more strokes in a scoring affair than a player of the steady-going class who is his equal in a match. Therefore, as between these two, no reckoning based on the strokes given for scoring competition works out justly for match play. Where a foursome match is in prospect, the iniquity of this mode of reckoning is more striking still, for it used to be one of the commonplace *obiter dicta* with regard

to the arrangements for a foursome that "It is useful to remember, in making foursomes, that a combination of a strong player with a weak one will generally defeat two medium players; though on paper, and with regard to the individual abilities of the four, the match may seem a very fair one." This is No. XIII. in "Hints to Golfers of Riper Years," and though such an unfortunate number, it is a just observation. It is, however, one of those bits of ancient practical wisdom which the modern mathematical mode of reckoning treats with absolute contempt and neglect.

THE GENTLE ART OF PLAYING THE FOURSOME.

We have lately received a hint of immense value in the gentle art of playing the foursome, from watching a certain professional who has made a great study of it. He is a very fine player himself, and seems to inspire with much of his genius for the short game every amateur with whom he is in partnership. His method is this: Pointing out to his partner the line to the hole, he tells him "Just get your ball to there, and there's a gutter right into the hole." Of course, in nine cases out of ten there is no such thing as even the faintest beginnings of a gutter; but the mere suggestion is enough to add immeasurably to the confidence with which the player then addresses himself to the putt, and, strong in that suggested confidence, he generally holes the ball. We have already stated our conviction that you can no more play a foursome successfully than you can make successful love on perfectly truthful principles; but this particular question of a pleasant path to the hole had escaped us as a means which is justified by the end.

MR. H. E. TAYLOR.

There are several things to be remarked about Mr. H. E. Taylor. In the first place, he has quite one of the most graceful of golfing styles; secondly, when playing a big match he appears more entirely calm and



MR. H. E. TAYLOR.

unruffled than anybody else; thirdly, he is generally believed to possess more clubs than any other player in the world. At the various golf clubs of which he is a member he has whole lockers full of discarded weapons, and the number of putters belonging to him is so large that no one would believe in it. Not only does he have many clubs, but they are all extraordinarily good ones, for he is one of the lucky people who have an eye for a good club. The best thing that Mr. Taylor has done is, of course, his play in the amateur championship of 1908. In the final round against Mr. Lassen he certainly did not do himself justice; but it must be remembered that at the beginning of the week he had been ill in bed, and a championship week is a very tiring thing. When he beat Mr. Graham in the semi-final he played golf just about as well as it can be played, and at his best he is undoubtedly a very brilliant golfer. He belongs to a great many clubs, but his home green is, of course, Sudbrook Park, and he has done great execution for Richmond in their annual match against their rivals from the Old Deer Park.

THE LATE MR. ARCHIE GORDON.

The dreadfully sad death of Mr. Archie Gordon will have been felt by all who ever played golf with him or met him on the links. The radiant cheerfulness and jolliness—there is no other word so expressive—that made him so popular everywhere, made him likewise the most delightful of partners or opponents. He was on his day a fine, dashing player. His great strength stood him in good stead, and he could send the ball prodigious distances, more especially with his cleek, which was a favourite weapon. Mr. Gordon played for Oxford against Cambridge at Sunningdale in 1905. It was a sad day for Oxford, who, after winning the match for six years in succession, suffered a crushing defeat. Mr. Gordon, however, had the satisfaction of being the only man on his side to win his game; he beat Mr. Allen, who afterwards captained Cambridge, by some three holes. He played at different times for the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, and represented them in their matches at Dollymount on their last Irish tour in 1908. So uniformly friendly and pleasant a companion can very ill be spared.

THE FRENCH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, MAY 30TH.

It must be very difficult in these days when so many golfing events of the first interest are all put close together, in the long days of spring, to fix them so that they do not coincide. We regret, but suppose it was inevitable, that the French open championship is announced for May 30th and May 31st next. This is coincident with our amateur championship, so that one cannot win the British amateur championship and win, or even see, the French open next year.

TO TEST THE RUN OF GOLF BALLS.

There is a capital way, which we have discovered only lately, of testing the running of a golf ball off the putter. It can only be adopted on a day when the green or lawn is coated over with drops of moisture on the grass blades, either from white frost, dew, or the deposit of a sea fog or Scotch mist. When this is so, each ball as it runs along leaves its track plainly marked by a green line where it has swept the silvery drops off the grass blades. The difference in the way of running of balls of different makes, and of some balls of the same make, is very marked and curious. We cannot mention the species which keep their course well and those that are easily deflected, because this would savour rather of gratuitous advertisement on the one side and unasked-for censure on the other; but we can assure all and sundry that it is a test worth trying, because the knowledge of the ball that will run true on the putting green is knowledge that will serve us well. It will not only make us choose the best ball, but also putt the better by reason of our confidence in the choice.

A CHRISTMAS MEETING AT WESTWARD HO!

Christmas is as a rule the only holiday season at which there is no meeting. Easter, Whitsuntide and autumn all have their competitions; but at Christmas golfers are generally allowed to play their own half-crown matches in peace and quiet. This Christmas, however, there is going to be an

innovation at Westward Ho! in the form of a meeting to consist of a modicum of score play and a good deal of match play, both by foursomes and singles. Match-play tournaments, especially foursomes, are always deservedly popular, and the meeting will probably be a popular success. It will be interesting to see whether the example set by Westward Ho! will be followed by others, or whether people will think that there are quite enough meetings already. Devonshire must, needless to say, have a great pull over many counties in the matter of winter climate.

ANOTHER COUNTY UNION.

So Lancashire is to have its Golfing Union. There was a meeting at Manchester the other day, when a considerable number of clubs sent representatives, and the proposal to form a union was carried unanimously. This is a great acquisition for the "Unionist" party, for there are few stronger golfing counties than Lancashire. A great many people say, not without some show of reason, "What on earth do we want with unions; are not there enough competitions already?" Nevertheless, the movement goes on steadily and unobtrusively making converts. It will be interesting to see if it ever flourishes in the metropolitan area. We do not think of the courses near London as being in any particular county. A man who plays at Sunningdale does not necessarily feel a patriot's love for Berkshire; nor does the membership of Woking or Walton Heath imply an ambition to represent Surrey. The same argument might, it is true, be applied to cricket, and would certainly not be true in that instance. We can only wait and see.

LAW AND THE LAND.

ACASE, Cope v. Sharp, recently heard in the King's Bench Division is of great importance to all interested in country life. Sir A. Cope is the owner of Bramshill, and most persons know the large quantities of heath that are found in the neighbourhood of Bramshill and Eversley. Some of this heathland was let by Sir A. Cope for a game farm, and the tenant of the game farm rented also from him the sporting rights over a large area of the open land. The heath was set on fire, and Sir A. Cope's men were busily engaged in putting out the fire. The defendant, the manager of the game farm, was naturally apprehensive that the fire might reach the farm. At all events, by burning the heath it was injuring his sporting rights, and he was quite as anxious as anyone that it should be got under. He did not approve of the means Sir A. Cope's men adopted, so without any authority took on himself to try his own method, which was to burn in advance certain patches of heath where the flames could be kept under control, so that when the great fire reached the spot it would stop of itself, as there would be nothing for it to burn. Defendant had no authority whatever for doing this and did it in spite of Sir A. Cope's men's prohibition. So Sir A. Cope brought an action against the defendant in the County Court for trespass. The judge found against the defendant, awarding ten shillings damages. Defendant appealed. It was admitted that the defendant had no right to set the heath on fire; but although he had no right, he might justify his act on the ground of necessity. The defendant had also the right to the game on the land and so had an interest in putting out the fire. The Court said that the real question in this case was: Could the defendant do what was necessary to preserve the game on the land from being burnt? This they thought he could do, and if that was so, were the fires that he made necessary to prevent the game from being injured? If so, the defendant was justified in what he did. As this view of the case had not been considered by the County Court judge, the case was sent back for a new trial. It would not be right for us to make any comments on the case pending the new trial, but when that has taken place, whichever way it goes, the case will give rise to the consideration of several most interesting points as to the respective rights and duties of landlord and tenant over open lands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GOLDFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of December 18th appears a letter from "Fruit-grower" on the subject of "Goldfinches and Bullfinches," containing the following sentence: "There is not, it is probable, a single person in this country, perhaps we may say in the world, who does not wish every possible protection extended to the goldfinch." With this sentiment I cordially agree; but if it means that the delightful goldfinch does no known damage to orchard or garden, I have an experience to discount the bill, and I offer it to your columns with the object of enquiring whether any of your correspondents have observed the same delinquency in goldfinches. Returning after absence to my Dorset home in the first week of last August, I noticed that the tritomas ("red-hot pokers" in common parlance) in a long herbaceous border were, to a large extent, stripped of the red flowers and reduced to ugly green sticks. This puzzled me for some days, until one morning, when I was quietly reading in a garden chair, I discovered the culprits. Four or five goldfinches appeared at one end of the border; each bird grasped a stalk of tritoma, picked off a red flower-bell from the bottom, crushed it in his bill for a moment, and then dropped it on the border, only to detach another flower and treat it similarly. So they went systematically down the border stripping off the flowers that had opened during the preceding night. I suppose they found some pleasant food, or salubrious digestive juice, in the flowers; but the result was disastrous to the effect of the border. I should add that it was the common, old-fashioned red tritoma that suffered; they left severely alone some newer flame-coloured species which flowered rather later in the month. Now is this a common experience, or are the goldfinches of Dorset more wicked than elsewhere?—E. GRAHAM.

DISEASE IN LARCH PLANTATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lately received a letter from a friend in the Cotswold country in which he says he and his neighbours are suffering from the disease in the

larch plantations this year more than usual. The plant is attacked by an insect which bores through the leader. Some of the landowners are proposing to cut down some new plantations. I hear some complaints from plantations on chalk, but none from the red sandstone district in Somerset. I write to ask if you would kindly invite communications from your readers respecting the larch disease, and especially in reference to the soil on which the tree is grown. It would be satisfactory to prove that trees on certain soils are not attacked.—JOHN W. HAWKINS.

NATIONAL HORSE SUPPLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the result of the council meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture held in London on November 2nd, 1909, it has been decided to call a conference on the question of the horse supply generally and ear-marking in particular, to which the leading horse and agricultural societies will be invited to send representatives. The conference will be held on February 2nd, 1910, at the Council Room of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, 16, Bedford Square, London, W.C., and any further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned or from the secretary, Central Chamber of Agriculture, 1, Orchard Street, Westminster, London, S.W.—W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS, Secretary, Ear-marking Association.

A CANINE FAULT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers inform me how to cure a young dog, fifteen months old, of running up to and after vehicles? He is a half-bred Scotch terrier, highly intelligent, and a model of obedience in the house; but the moment he is out of doors and hears the rattling of a vehicle, however far off, he dashes away and up to it, skirts it, gives one bark and returns to me. At first, when I was able to catch him, he was punished; but he never comes near enough to me now when he returns from a scamper, except when I go through

some public gardens here (Guernsey), then he sits at the first sea: to be put on the leash. I might then, of course, punish him; but I feel sure he would resent my taking advantage of his confidence and would lose trust in me. He has two of his paws already injured by being run over by a cart, but that has not cured him. I would like to try everything possible to cure him of that his vice.—DON.

THE SCOTTISH AND IRISH TEMPERAMENT IN POETRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your interesting review of "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse," you say, "The Irish poet has not to any considerable extent been able to express the native genius as, for example, the Scotch has done. There, 'the far-off things' have given us 'The Four Maries' and 'The King Sits in Dunfermline Town drinking the blood-red Wine'; while the Scottish temperament is in every line of 'Auld Lang Syne,' the real national anthem of the country. In this, Scottish sentiment finds expression with 'canny' moderation and a characteristic pawkiness." Of course, the truth, or the reverse, of the foregoing *obiter dicta* is entirely dependent upon whether your reviewer has in view the Scottish temperament as manifested in the poetry of English-speaking Scots poets or whether he is also including in his purview the products of the Gaelic muse. In the latter case, I venture to think that his characterisation is incomplete, unsound and in every way unsatisfactory. It is, perhaps, inevitable that "canniness" and "pawkiness" should be prominently associated in the English mind with the Scottish character, even to the extent of connecting those qualities with the exercise of the poetic art; but so far as Scottish-Gaelic verse is concerned they are conspicuous by their absence. The real Scottish and the real Irish temperament, as manifested in poetry, are alike; and in no respect more so than in so far as both eschew any tendency or inclination to indulgence in the qualities in question. "Canniness" is scarcely a peculiar national characteristic, all nations and peoples being more or less prone thereto; but "pawkiness" is a quality which, if characteristic of some of my countrymen, is to be identified rather with the Teutonic elements in the Scottish race than with the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland. Certainly, there is nothing to be seen of it in Gaelic poetry, an incomparably richer and more extensive literary field than its corresponding entity in the Lowlands. The literary genius of Ireland and Scotland, as regards poetry, at all events, is only correctly reflected in the works of the Gaelic bards, old and modern. The English-speaking poets of both countries cannot be regarded as true or satisfactory exponents of the national temperament; for even where, as in the case of certain modern versifiers belonging to what is called the Anglo-Irish school—in Scotland there is no equivalent to this "school," so far as poetry is concerned—Gaelic inspiration and even idioms have been largely resorted to in order to convey a suggestion of "national atmosphere," the result of so much striving after "effect" is, artistically considered, in inverse ratio to the amount of time and labour bestowed upon it. Even in prose, a much easier and simpler medium for the conveyance of all those characteristics underlying what is called "national atmosphere," the effect of building up English on a basis of Gaelic idioms and sentiment is highly unsatisfactory. Even in regard to so brilliant an exponent of the Anglo-Scottish school as Mr. Neil Munro—himself a Gaelic speaker, though not a writer—the resulting gain to English letters is an exceedingly dubious quantity. The English reader is more mystified than pleased—more diverted than satisfied; while the Gaelic man rises from the perusal of that author's romances with the thought upon his lips, "How much better, how much more naturally and artistically, all this could have been said in Gaelic." It is not good art to write English literature in German or any other foreign style; why, therefore, should Anglo-Irish or Anglo-Scots poets or prose-writers seek to do the thing which, artistically considered, it is neither expedient nor desirable to accomplish?—RUARADH ERSKINE.

[We cheerfully admit that "the products of the Gaelic muse" are interesting, but surely the Scottish temperament finds its best expression in the long line of poets which includes Dunbar and Blind Harry and Burns and Sir Walter Scott. What are the corresponding names in Scottish-Gaelic verse?—ED.]

INTRODUCTION OF BRITISH FISH INTO INDIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As everyone knows, trout acclimatisation is on the high road to success in Kashmir, and is an accomplished fact in Ceylon. The first abortive efforts to introduce trout into India were made many years ago on the Neighberries. It was merely want of knowledge, of how to transport ova, which made those early attempts a failure. The streams of the Neighberries are undoubtedly suited to trout, and the rainfall is smaller than on the Ceylon Hills—big and sudden floods, which wash away the young fish into the plains, are one of the difficulties on the Highlands of the East; but if this difficulty has been got over in Ceylon, it is surmountable on the Neighberries. Another importation of British fish, now probably almost forgotten, proved completely successful; this was the introduction of carp and tench into the waters of the Neigherry plateau. The Ootacamund Lake, the lake at Wellington, and other sheets of water on these hills, now swarm with the descendants of these British colonists. The water and climate have caused the fish to run more to quantity than size, and the Ootacamund Lake swarms with little carp and tench of a quarter of a pound and under. There are, however, good fish as well, but everyone knows the superlative cunning of the big carp and the extreme capriciousness of the tench. At Wellington, I never either saw tench caught nor took any myself; this, however, is negative evidence, and I am by no means prepared to assert that there is none there. Natives used to fish a great deal in the Ootacamund Lake, and, being Madrassees, they naturally employed the methods in general use for catching the common indigenous carp of Madras (*Barbus chrysopoma*, Anglicised into olive carp). This latter fish, in the ponds round Madras, seldom exceeds a pound in weight, so no running tackle is necessary. The fisherman sits at the water's edge, or on a little pier of mud and stones, which he builds out for a yard or two, so as to be able to reach deeper water. His half-dozen rods are light reeds, which lie floating on the water, their butts all close together under his hand, and their points radiating outwards like the spokes of a wheel. The floats are short lengths of dried

grass, attached to the line by one end only. The bait is usually dough, made of native flour, or atta, as it is called. Fishing in this way the natives used to catch large numbers of the little Ootacamund carp. Of course, when a big one happened to be hooked it always, or nearly always, broke away. The fact that anyone could go to the trouble and expense of importing carp and tench into India shows how very little was known at the time regarding the indigenous fish. The labeos and white carps of Madras are finer sporting fish in every way than our own carp and tench, and could have been established in the Ootacamund Lake at trifling cost.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

A CURIOUS TRIO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a snap-shot of a rather curious group, viz., a fox, a cat and



FIRM FRIENDS.

a terrier. The three live and feed together, and are on the best of terms with each other.—THOMAS S. B. BELL.

PEARLS IN SCOTTISH WATERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Several theories have been promulgated by scientists for the existence of the pearl in the fresh-water mussel. The best authorities agree that it is caused by the intrusion of a fluke or trematole. About 1852 Fillipi showed that the pearls in our fresh-water mussels were composed by means of such an intruder, to which he gave the name of "Distomum duplicatum," and this fact is mentioned by Mr. A. E. Shipley in his recent work, "Pearls and Parasites." The pearls of the common sea-mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) are also alleged to be due to the presence of a fluke, which in its adult stages resides in the intestines of the scoter or eider-duck, while the origin of the pearl in the oyster is the tapeworm. This parasite is said to be received from one of the large rays that exist near the banks. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the summer droughts that are the dread of the ordinary angler are a boon to the pearl-fisher. Then it is that, with his long V-shaped pole and strong magnifying glass, he sallies forth to search the likeliest parts of the river. The vagrant tinkers who "wander Scotland through" are regular and keen pearl-fishers, and it is no uncommon occurrence for the resident or visitor in Highland districts to be accosted by one of this fraternity with the question: "Will ye buy a purrl the day, sir?" the gem offered always being represented to have been taken from an adjacent stream. To give such nomads their due, the article is generally a genuine one. An evil result of their operations, however, is that by picking out every mussel-shell that they see, likely and unlikely, they are gradually denuding the streams of their mussels and, consequently, also of their gems. For this type of fisher the discovery of a more or less valuable pearl not infrequently ends in a drunken carousal, and a night or two's sojourn in the nearest gaol. A friend of mine, who was one day angling for salmon on the Teith, encountered one of these pearl-seekers in a state of collapse through over-exertion and cold. He helped the man out of the water and gave him a good dram. Together they then examined the forty mussels or so collected, the angler laughingly remarking he would take the first pearl found in exchange for the dram. After the greater part of the bivalves had been opened, a somewhat poor gem was found in one of them, and duly handed over by the pearl-fisher. In the next shell tried a beautiful large spherical pearl—one of the best that has recently been taken from the river—displayed itself. But a second dram offered would not purchase this one. It doubtless found its way into the hands of a local jeweller. The Chinese cause a certain kind of fresh-water mussel (*Unio hyria*) to form pearls. In early summer, when the bivalves open their shells, five or six beads made of mother-of-pearl are put into each of them. At the end of the year the mussels are drawn up and opened, and the beads are found covered with a pearly crust in such a manner that they have a perfect resemblance to real pearls. In conclusion, it may be stated that fresh-water pearls are still profitably fished for in parts of Central Europe; and that in Bavaria, Bohemia and elsewhere a licence is only granted to pearl-fishers once within a period of several years. Had some such protection been devised in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," a decaying industry might have been saved.—C. J. H. CASSELS.

VARIATION IN COLOURING OF THE MOLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Varieties of the common mole are probably not very rare; but, nevertheless, the enclosed photograph of one which came into my possession



A GOLDEN YELLOW MOLE.

recently may be of interest to your readers. It was caught by a friend while it was running along the surface of the ground, and brought to me to photograph. It possessed an enormous appetite, and, although given a liberal supply of earth-worms, which it ate greedily, only lived, I am sorry to say, a few hours. In colour it was a beautiful golden yellow.—B. HANLEY.

THE SPOOK OF ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "Footprints" should consult Captain C. H. Stigand's new book, "The Game of British East Africa" (Cox), and the same author's "Central African Game and its Spoor," written in collaboration with Mr. D. D. Lyell.—J. L.

CHRISTMAS FARE IN OLDEN TIMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Foremost among the dishes served up at the grand feast given by feudal lords to friends and retainers was the boar's head. Heralded by a flourish of trumpets, it was carried on a gold or silver dish into the banqueting hall by the server, who, as he headed the procession of knights and ladies, sang

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui est in convivio.

Mustard was an indispensable condiment to boar's head. An ancient book



IN SPENSER'S COTTAGE.

giving directions for the correct service for the royal table says, "First set forth mustard with brawn; take your knife in your hand, and cut brawn in the dish as it lieth, and lay on your sovereign's trencher, and *see there be mustard*." It is still customary to serve up this dish at Queen's College, Oxford, where the ancient ceremonies are carefully observed. After the boar's head the next important Christmas dish was the peacock, the preparing of which took some time. First the skin was carefully stripped off with the plumage adhering to it; the bird was then roasted. When done and half cold it was sewn up again in its feathers, its beak gilded, and so sent to table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with leaf gold, a piece of cotton soaked with spirits placed in the beak, which was lighted before being carved. It was basted with the yolk of an egg, stuffed with spices and sweet herbs and served with plenty of rich gravy. This dish was carried into the dining-hall by the noblest born or most beautiful of the lady guests, who placed it before the master of the house. It seems to have been introduced into this country early in the sixteenth century, for we learn that Archbishop Cranmer objected to the appearance of more than one dish of turkey cocks at State banquets. The popular mince-pies, known as "mutton-pies" in 1596, were baked in oval-shaped crust, intended to represent the manger in which the Christ-child was laid. Plum-pottage was in olden times served with the first course of a Christmas dinner. It was made by boiling beef or mutton with broth thickened with brown bread. Raisins, currants, prunes, cloves and ginger were added during the boiling process, and when it had all been thoroughly boiled this mess was served with the best meats. In 1801 Brand partook of a tureenful of "luscious plum-porridge," and this seems to be the latest record of this once indispensable Christmas dish; but doubtless it was the original of the rich, dainty plum-puddings of to-day.—G. WELBURN.

A CAT AS FOSTER-MOTHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My photograph shows a cat and six young rabbits which she has brought up since they were about two days old. The whole nest of six wild young rabbits were given to the cat the same day her own kittens had been destroyed, and instead of being eaten, as was expected, she adopted and has successfully



A CURIOUS FAMILY.

brought them up. She cannot understand their taste for green food, and is constantly bringing dainties in the shape of rats and mice to tempt their palates, and appears to be very disappointed upon their refusing to eat such feline delicacies. I tried to secure a photograph of her carrying a rat to her adopted youngsters, but she always dropped it before I could make an exposure. The whole family are alive and well to-day, and can be seen by applying to the owner—Mrs. Broadley of Stamford Bridge, near York.—SYDNKY H. SMITH.

SPENSER'S COTTAGE AT HIRSTWOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send a photograph showing the interior of the poet Spenser's cottage at Hirstwood, near Burnley. In this, tradition has it that he wrote the "Faerie Queene." At any rate, the cottage is of great age.—W. WALKDEN.

CROSSBILLS IN YORKSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some six months ago I sent you a note of the occurrence of a flock of crossbills in Wales, and in view of the interest since caused by the appearance of the birds in so many other parts of the country—as well as their occurrence in other parts of Europe—you may, perhaps, consider it worthy of mention in COUNTRY LIFE that flock of quite fifty were seen on the borders of the Bolton Abbey moors a few days ago. On the same day large flocks of fieldfares and some other birds were on the moor; a lot of about fifty wigeon passed over me some twenty or thirty yards high, and there was a single golden eye upon one of the reservoirs, while fifteen swans were also seen flying over the higher moors, as well as several grey crows and a merlin. It might be only a coincidence, but most of these visitors happened to be flying almost due west. Whether or no the swans were wild birds it would be impossible to say, but the gamekeeper to whom I was talking when they passed, said he did not know of any such considerable number kept anywhere in the neighbourhood, and the fact that they were all adult would seem to point to the probability of their being wild.—I. G.

